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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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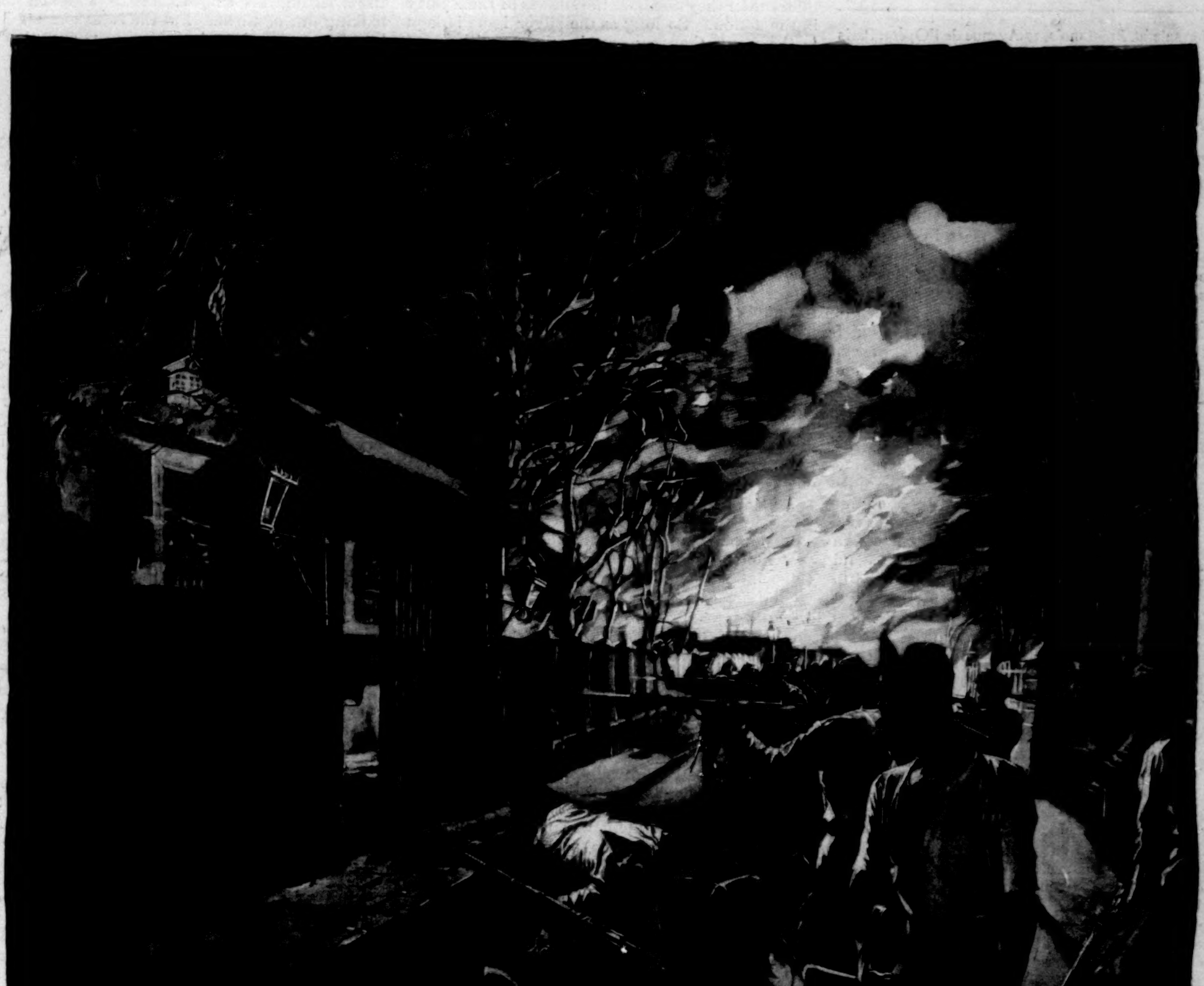

MANILA—INSURGENT ATTACK ON THE BARRACKS OF CO. C, 13TH MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS, DURING THE TONDO FIRE.

Drawn from Life by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 29, 1899

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Divided Democracy

TWO DINNERS in New York city have served to illustrate in a striking way the division of the Democracy throughout the country. The Democratic Club of the metropolis planned a feast in honor of Thomas Jefferson, and invited the last Presidential candidate of the party which professes to represent the Democratic principles that Jefferson championed. He refused to attend, because the spokesman for the club had repudiated the chief plank in the national platform of 1896. In order to emphasize the divergence of views, Mr. Bryan came to New York a few hours later that he might attend another dinner, at which the key-note was allegiance to this platform, and especially to the silver resolution, which was ignored on the first occasion.

There has been a good deal of joking about these two occasions—the ten-dollar dinner and the one-dollar dinner, as they have usually been distinguished; and there were humorous features about both, such as the fact that Richard Croker was the exemplar of "Jeffersonian principles" at one, and that at the other plain fare was deemed essential to honor a man who enjoyed the best of living. But there was a serious side to the controversy, comical as were some of its accessories. It showed that the financial issue which was raised in 1896 has left the party which raised it disrupted as it approaches the contest of 1900. It is only a few months before the first delegates to the national conventions of next year will be chosen, and yet men who have always called themselves Democrats are disputing bitterly as to what constitutes Democracy.

The dispute is as earnest elsewhere as it is in New York city. A Jefferson dinner was held in Milwaukee shortly before the rival dinners at the East. Mr. Bryan was present, but the reporters discovered that the speech which he delivered was decidedly different from that which he had prepared and given out in proof-slips. The written speech was uncompromising in devotion to silver, while the spoken one did not make the financial issue prominent. The reason was that so many of the Democrats at this dinner were earnest opponents of free coinage that even Mr. Bryan shrank from "throwing a coldness over the meeting" by language which would arouse their hostility. A similar state of things would have been encountered in any other large city between the Missouri and the Atlantic if the same experiment had been tried.

The most curious thing about this division is the fact that it is over a question which no longer engrosses the public mind. Three years ago silver was the burning issue. Everybody was interested in it. Now most people are tired of it. A whole set of new questions has been brought to the front by the war with Spain. People are now thinking about the grave problems growing out of the freeing of Cuba and the acquisition of Puerto Rico and the Philippines. The "16 to 1" issue seems almost as remote as the controversy of thirty years ago about whether the new amendments to the Constitution had been legally adopted. Even those Western farmers who were so much stirred up over silver three or four years ago are weary of it, now that they have had a succession of fine crops, which they have sold at good prices, and find themselves prosperous despite "the crime of 1873."

The obvious way out of their difficulty is to drop the old issue, which divides the party, and unite it to do battle on the new questions which are engaging national attention. Two difficulties stand in the way. One is the party's candidate for President in 1896. Mr. Bryan means to be the nominee in 1900. He is assisted in this ambition by the fact that there is left in the organization hardly a single old leader to dispute his pre-eminence, and that no prominent Democrat has come to the front during the last three years. The Chicago platform drove the brains out of the Democratic party, and the void has not been filled. Mr. Bryan thus has the stage to himself.

The only way to get rid of their old candidate is by an organized effort to cut loose from the issue which he represents and the defeat which is involved in raising that issue again. But here an anomalous state of things is encountered. Ordinarily the managers of a party are anxious for success, and ready to abandon a policy which involves defeat. But the split in Democracy caused by the Chicago platform threw the machinery of the party almost everywhere into the hands of weak men who had cut no figure while the old leaders were in control. These men care a great deal more about maintaining their own prominence in their States than they do about the success of their party in the nation. So long as the silver issue is kept to the front, they can retain their positions of party authority. The moment that issue should be shelved, they would be pushed back into their former obscurity. The consequence is that this whole class of political workers is enthusiastic for the nomination of Bryan in 1900 upon the same silver plank as in 1896. As they control the organization throughout the South, in the States west of the Mississippi, and in some of the States east of that river, it would be a tremendous undertaking to overthrow them and defeat their scheme.

This demoralization of Democracy is nothing short of a national misfortune. Under a system of party government it is almost as essential to the public interest that there shall be a strong opposition as a strong administration. Indeed, an administration needs the constant spur of a vigorous antagonist to be itself strong. Fair-minded Republicans in Vermont and candid Democrats in Texas admit that their States suffer from being so one-sided politically. The nation will be best governed when the party in power, whichever it may be, is in constant dread lest its misconduct shall enable an alert and powerful opposition to oust it.

THE gathering at Atlantic City of a Congressional committee to consider financial legislation and recommend measures for adoption at the next session is an encouraging event. The committee consists entirely of Republicans, and was created by a party caucus shortly before the end of the last session. Its members are not theorists or doctrinaires; on the contrary, they are exceedingly practical politicians. They have no pet hobbies to push upon each other's attention; no elaborate schemes to quarrel over. The great trouble with the regular House committees on such questions has been that there were almost as many plans for currency reform as there were members, and that each man thought his own plan the only one which had any merit. The result was that anything like agreement was next to impossible, and not even an approach to harmony was reached until near the end of the last session, when it was too late for effective action. The present caucus committee is composed of men who were picked out with an especial view to working together amicably. They believe that, as a matter of party tactics, it is good policy for the Republicans to have some practical measure to propose when Congress shall meet for the next session, and their only object is to prepare a bill which can command the united support of their Republican associates. They are men of influence in their party; they represent all sections, and only two of the eleven live east of the Alleghanies, so that there can be no charge of "Wall Street influence." More than one represent districts which are apt to be close, and were elected through the support of sound-money Democrats who believed that a Republican Congress would vindicate their faith in the party's professions. There is no reason to expect any great measure of currency reform from this body, but it will undoubtedly formulate a bill which will mark some progress toward a permanent and complete settlement of the questions at issue. This is the first time that the dominant party has voluntarily taken a forward step along this path, and the assembling of these shrewd Republican politicians for such a purpose is a sign of promise.

LEGISLATIVE investigations are so apt to be started from partisan motives and conducted for partisan ends that the public is sceptical as to the sincerity of any new movement in this direction. For this reason a good many Republicans and independents were at first inclined to doubt whether much of value would come from the inquiry into New York city affairs recently begun by a Republican committee of the Legislature, while Democrats, of course, had only sneers for the idea. Nobody can maintain that there has not been some justification for such suspicions in the course pursued by the committee thus far; but, after due allowance for the natural desire of the majority to make party capital out of the investigation, it must be conceded that it is proving fruitful of good. The community has seen the ruler of the metropolis upon the witness-stand day after day; it has heard his significant admissions of various features of his policy, and has noted his even more significant refusals to answer many questions. It is a great thing to have a boss expound his system of government as clearly as Croker did when he told how he picks out judges, and then puts into his own pocket money that comes from their action on the bench in appointing referees who name as auctioneer the firm to which he belongs. The average boss in an American city keeps himself in the background as much as possible, and shrinks from letting his subjects see how much he is making out of them. But the ruler of New York has become so intoxicated with power that he exults in displaying the methods of his tyranny. What was before only suspected Croker has himself confessed, and if the investigation had accomplished nothing else than to get Croker on the stand, it would have been abundantly vindicated.

THE legislative season is everywhere drawing to a close, and it is possible to review its developments as they affect the cause of civil service reform. A survey of the field shows that there is no good ground for discouragement. In no State of the Union has any action been taken by a Legislature which involved any loss of ground already won by the reformers. Oddly enough, the most threatening assault was made in the quarter where it would least have been expected. Massachusetts was one of the first States to enact a civil service law, and is the last where one would have apprehended any danger of a reaction. Yet the legislative committee on this subject surprised everybody a few weeks ago by proposing a most revolutionary step backward. But publicity was the only thing needed to defeat the scheme, and the spoilsmen soon found that they must surrender. In New York Governor Roosevelt has succeeded in undoing the wrong done by Governor Black two years ago, when the latter set out to "take the starch" out of the civil service by radical changes in the law, so that the politicians might work it to their own advantage. The Republican majority in the Legislature showed plainly that it had little sympathy with the Governor in this matter, but it recognized that it could not afford to stand out against him. The course of Congress regarding the civil service illustrated the same temper. There are plenty of Senators and Representatives who "take no stock in civil service," to use a phrase which they much affect; but whenever it comes to the point, as it did last winter, of trying to starve out the commission, only a small minority dares so to vote. On the other hand, any real advancement of the reform through Congressional action is very hard to get. The establishment of a bureau to take the census of 1900 offered an opportunity for the extension of the merit system which ought to have been improved without the slightest hesitation; whereas only a beggarly minority in either branch would consider the idea of bringing these thousands of places under the operation of the rules. The truth seems to be that the reform is already strong enough to withstand assaults upon what has been gained, but that a great deal of hard work must yet be done before it can be advanced to cover the whole field which it should control. Its advocates have no reason to feel discouraged on the one hand, nor to regard their task as accomplished on the other.

A YEAR ago Lord Salisbury's hard saying was on every tongue. The strong states, the living nations, grow stronger; the dying states, such as Spain and China, must surrender their territory, piece by piece—such was the purport of his declaration. It seemed to borrow authority, while lending a selfish application to the text, "But whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." In the course of a twelvemonth one of the weaker states has surrendered to one of the stronger its rights and wrongs in the Philippines. The true nature of our undertaking on the other side of the world is being disclosed from week to week, and difficulties are becoming apparent which, now that the nation's honor is engaged, are an incitement and a challenge. If a nobler reading of our duty is sought, we would suggest the following adaptation of the same passage as a warrant for our great sacrifices: To him who gives his treasure and, if necessary, his life for another—to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE was a disquieting rumor last week that Speaker Reed had been offered very large pecuniary inducements—to wit, $50,000 a year—to resign from Congress and practise law in New York. It was closely followed by the announcement, on April 19, that Mr. Reed was about to join the law firm of Simpson, Thatcher, & Barnum, and would live and labor in New York after his return from a summer trip to Europe. Neither he nor his prospective associates have confirmed the $50,000 item, nor has he as yet given any assurance that he will resign the Speakership and retire from Congress. It is taken for granted, however, that if he is coming to New York to practise law, he will make a business of law for a time at least, and try to huddle together money enough to make him independent of the generosity of a grateful country which he has served at small wages for twenty years.

The post of Speaker of the House is of enormous importance and responsibility. Why should it not command a salary bearing some relation to its size? Mr. Reed probably feels a natural human inclination to accumulate some money. His salary as Speaker was $8000 a year. That is not enough. If it was $25,000 a year, it would probably suffice to make outside money-making allurements powerless to attract him. His intention of coming to New York is somewhat rashly interpreted to mean that he has finished with politics; but Mr. Reed is only fifty-nine years old, and when he has laid aside the Speakership it is possible that he will be freer to express himself about public concerns and more available as a candidate for high political office than he is at present. It won't hurt him as a candidate to hail from New York. For the last year or two he has been opposed to the policy of the administration in many important particulars, and though he has been immensely useful as part of the machinery of government, and has saved us money in important quantities, his public service cannot have been wholly satisfying to his inner man, nor can he be blamed if a change seems inviting to him.

Mr. Reed seems to be, in a way and in moderation, an approver of that cloistered life which Governor Roosevelt says is so unwholesome for a nation. Perhaps living in Maine has cramped his impulses; and if so, living in New York might expand him. For a cloistered person, however, he seems fairly robust, and he can sit down harder than Governor Roosevelt, and remain seated much longer without getting tired. He and the Governor are fine types of men; highly contrasted, but both valuable. New York is a commodious State, and can easily find room for both of them.

IT was announced last week that Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, whose grave illness at New Orleans was matter of so much public concern, had passed the crisis of his disease. By this time, therefore, he must be well along towards recovery. Mr. Warner had influenza, with a complication of pneumonia in one lung, with results that for a time were alarming. He has been writing a new novel, in which, we are told, will appear again some of the characters we learned to like in *The Golden House*.

FOR a good many years Union College has suspected that she was poor, but has not been sure how poor, because she has owned some property on Long Island, which, it was thought, might some time bring a great price. A few months ago this Long Island property was sold, and did not bring so much but that the debts of the college absorbed it. Now Union finds that when her running expenses have been reduced as much as possible she will still have an annual deficit of about $23,000. Her only asset which could be made to be more productive than it is is her real estate in Schenectady. She has tried to induce the city of Schenectady to hire a large part of the 170 acres that the college owns for a park, but though many citizens favored that plan as a way of helping out the college, many others didn't, and that scheme has fallen through. Moreover, land is not worth very much in Schenectady anyway, and Union might sell off all she can possibly spare and yet not be materially helped. The sympathetic townsmen of Schenectady have met several times and taken thought for her, and financiers have financed for her, and the alumni have been appealed to, but, for all they smite the rock, the water doesn't seem to gush. Half a million dollars so invested as to pay five per cent. seems to be indispensable to Union's welfare.

The straits of the old college are melancholy to consider. President Raymond has announced that the college must be closed unless its income can be increased, but he does not like to admit that Union's work is done.

THE last report about the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York is that Mr. Connell of the Regent Square Church in London, who has been called by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterians, is so committed to other employments that he will not feel justified in giving them up. Mr. Connell has just returned from China, and delegates from the Fifth Avenue Church have gone to England to carry to him their church's invitation. Until they have seen him and labored with him there can be no certainty that their arguments will not prevail with him, but the prospect of getting him does not seem to be good. Perhaps the delegates will go to Scotland or Ireland and look about. There are great Presbyterians in those parts, and the Fifth Avenue Church knows the school and likes its products.

AN observation made on this page of the WEEKLY about the interest that visitors to the St. Louis Fair would feel in meeting the Missouri folks of the outlying districts seems to the Kansas City *Star* to have emanated from a writer "who thinks of St. Louis and Missouri and the West as places where the people speak in dialect and wear queer clothes and shy at trolley-cars, and who does not realize that St. Louis is, after New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, the greatest city in the United States."

There are no delusions hereabout as to St. Louis, though it seems to be the least known and realized great city in the land, and a good place to have a great fair for better acquaintance' sake. Neither does there any longer exist in the East the mental attitude towards the West which the *Star* suggests. Any morning in New York it is possible to stop at the Astoria Hotel and see the great West at breakfast, and admire its clothes, and notice the finish of its manners. The East is much more inclined nowadays to stand in awe-struck contemplation of the West, and to meditate upon its energy and ambition and its large-patterned Destiny, than to condescend to it or disparage it.

Kansas City, too, we know is a lively town, about the size of Rochester, and provided with everything that a population of 175,000 entitles a city to have. But as for the "outlying districts" of the State of Missouri, it is probably true that the impression prevails somewhat widely that a large part of the rural population of that State are not as fully abreast of the times as their neighbors in Illinois, Ohio, and Iowa. Wasn't it a recent and successful candidate for Governor of Missouri who assured his constituents that they would be welcome to spit on the floor in the Governor's house if he was elected? Such a tale came East, and it sounded a little backward; and within a year there have been letters from Missouri in prominent Eastern newspapers which have given the impression that civilization there was as yet not quite a finished product, and that the schoolmaster and the preacher and the capitalist had still a good deal to do. The *Star* ought to know better than the WEEKLY does whether these yarns are calumnies. No doubt, too, the *Star* has heard and despises the tale told to the present writer, by a native of Missouri, of the six men who in the course of a smoking-car conversation upon a railroad train fell to questioning one another as to the States of their nativity. "I was born in Ohio," boasted one. "And I in Illinois." "And I in Kentucky." "And I in Georgia." "And I in Maine." The sixth man was somewhat deliberate, but as they looked towards him he put his hand behind him, and grasping the handle of a gun which stuck out of his rear pocket, said: "Well, I was born in Missouri. Now, d——n ye, don't one of ye laugh!"

No doubt this libellous story is a product of what the *Star* calls "the educated opinion that grows in flower-pots east of the Alleghanies." The sixth State in the Union can afford to smile at it.

THE *Woman's Journal* (Boston), finding fault with the opinions of the WEEKLY anent the execution of Mrs. Place, asks, "What would HARPER'S WEEKLY say if a man had been electrocuted upon the verdict of a jury composed solely of women?"

There can hardly be two opinions as to that. Juries of men are apt to be lenient to women. Juries of women would doubtless be lenient to men. The presumption would be that a man executed on the strength of a verdict found by twelve women was an atrocious criminal whom his triers did not dare to spare.

THE Washington *Times* reports that in Russia the Bismarck autobiography (of which the American edition is published by the Harpers) is under the official censor's ban, and that the Russian booksellers have been forbidden to sell it. Thousands of copies, it seems, are hidden throughout the empire, waiting for the censorship to be relaxed or for opportunity for secret sales.

A CONTEMPORARY which reported the triumphal progress of the *Raleigh* up the North River on the morning of April 16 represents one of her officers as saying, as he stood bareheaded in the rain on her wet quarter-deck and waved response to shouters ashore: "We know that it isn't for us these people are risking their health and lives. They are yelling for the Old Man. They yell for us because this is one of the Old Man's ships. They can't yell too much."

There was enough truth in that to make one's heart go out more than ever towards the *Raleigh*, and to put one's yelling powers to a more critical test. There is no doubt that when the Old Man comes home the roof will come off. Meanwhile the reception to the *Raleigh* last week was a very pretty earnest of what is to come.

She was expected on Saturday afternoon, April 15, and a glorious welcome was provided for her, including sunshine and gay crowds all along the river-front from the Battery to Grant's Tomb The bunting was out on the shipping, and excursion-boats went down the bay to meet her; but there was no *Raleigh* that day Her trip from Bermuda was not as expeditious as was expected, and she did not get in until late at night. Sunday the climate gave out. It rained dismally, and the air was harsh and a month behind the times. The *Raleigh* left Quarantine early, and came up to the anchorage off Tompkinsville, where the two little Spanish gunboats that came across lots the other day from Chesapeake Bay were waiting for her. There she anchored and waited, and her reception began. Tugs and steamers loaded with enthusiasts came poking through the mist to call on her. Every one who came in sight yelled, and the *Raleigh* began to realize that her return was appreciated irrespective of the weather. Then she ran up her home-coming pennant, 312 feet long, with a gilt bladder at the end.

About half past ten the Mayor and a delegation of city officials came aboard, and were received by Captain Coghlan. The Mayor made a speech and said the *Raleigh* did nobly. Captain Coghlan responded that Admiral Dewey was a great commander; they shook hands all around, and the papers say that "hospitality was hastily partaken of." Then as the Mayor departed the *Raleigh* fired the Mayor's salute of fifteen guns, and the procession began. First the Mayor's boat, then the captured gunboats *Sandoval* and *Alvarado*, then the *Raleigh* with a police-boat on each side of her, and two government tugs behind. So they crossed the bay, the tramp steamships whistling their respectful compliments, and on up the North River, where dripping groups yelled from every pier-head, and colors dipped and whistles screeched. At Grant's Tomb all flags were half-masted while the twenty-one-gun salutes of the three war-ships were fired and returned. Then the *Raleigh* came back and anchored off Thirty-fourth Street. The crowds that welcomed her were not great. The weather was too unwholesomely desolate for that, but there was no question about the warmth of the welcome.

The *Raleigh* is the sister ship of the *Cincinnati*, and was launched at Norfolk in 1892. She will go to the Portsmouth Navy Yard and be overhauled.

THE San Francisco newspapers are having fun over two new laws affecting California papers which have just gone into effect. One of the new statutes prohibits cartoons. The Publishers' Association has determined to ignore it, because the lawyers say it is unconstitutional and cannot be enforced. The other statute directs that all libellous articles in newspapers shall be signed, and the association deals with that by ordering everything in the papers to be signed, except the advertisements and editorials. In the San Francisco *Chronicle* for April 18 the news of the paper is signed, down to one-line police items and obituaries. The effect is amusing; but the newspaper publishers don't at all mind that, as their purpose is to show the absurdity of the new law by enforcing it.

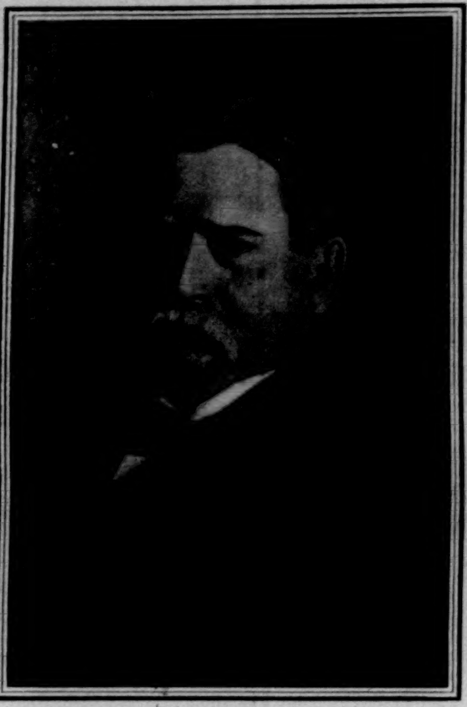
A LITTLE earlier in the season than the detailed report of the vision of the sea-serpent off Block Island comes the annual rumor that Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell, is about to become the President of a college. This spring the institution with which Professor Wheeler's name is associated is the University of California, which is looking for some one to succeed Dr. Kellogg. The university has great plans afoot—architectural, educational, and financial—and is entering on an exceedingly interesting period of its development. It is already a very considerable institution, and what it will be when Mrs. Hearst and its other benefactors get through doing for it is something which it may be worth a trip to San Francisco to discover. There is an atmosphere of fairy godmothers and seven-league boots and Aladdin palaces about the two great California universities which intoxicates the imagination. Nobody need wonder if Professor Wheeler acknowledges its charm and turns his face towards the sunset.

THE echoes of the Vanderbilt-Fair wedding seem to resound louder in London than the original noise did in New York. The London *Spectator* learns that the wedding-presents were worth £400,000, and is moved to a philosophical discourse of some length on luxury in America. The *Spectator* thinks it somewhat grievous to have £20,000 a year locked up in wedding-presents which produce no income and are an expense to store, and so it is. The three deductions of social moment which it draws from this wedding are that "plutocracy in America excites at least as much attention as aristocracy in Europe; that this plutocracy thinks it advisable to advertise its splendor; and that the democracy, instead of envying this wealth, evidently enjoys the profusion it produces as a sort of highly colored picture that breaks the deadly monotony of the scene around."

The first of these deductions seems sound. The other day when the *Sun* printed on its front page a despatch from Cambridge disclosing that young Mr. Goelet had the measles, but not badly, it did seem as though accumulated capital was getting at least as much notice here as rank gets abroad.

The second deduction seems doubtful. Young Mr. Goelet probably didn't advertise his own measles, and it seems a fair question whether our plutocracy advertises its own splendor. When the inquirers come with pick-axes and crowbars and insist on prying the lids off of jewel-boxes, what can the good-natured plutocrats do?

Thirdly, democracy is not so deadly monotonous as the *Spectator* supposes. Last week there was the Wild West; this week we have the circus; Coney Island has sprouted; baseball is in full bloom; and the walk up Fifth Avenue on a fine afternoon late in April is one of the most amusing things in creation. The Vanderbilt weddings were not the only shows of the spring. Oh no!



HON. BARTLETT TRIPP.
American.
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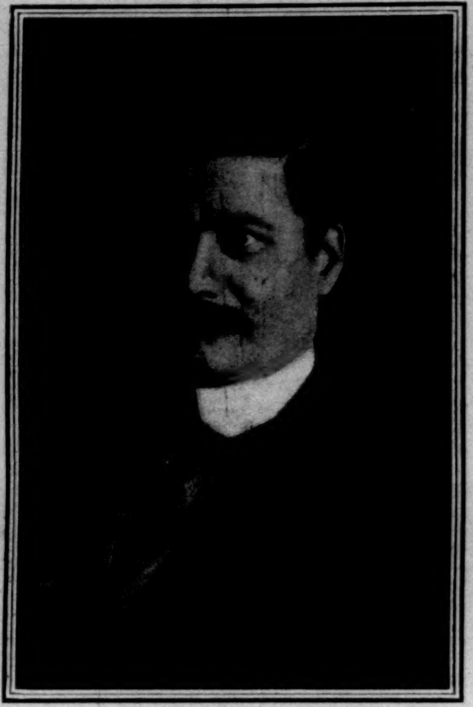

C. N. E. ELIOT, ESQ., C.B.
British.
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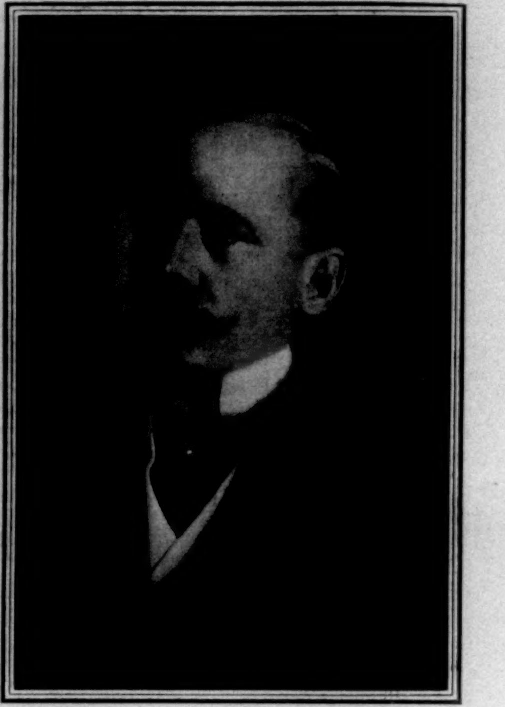

FREIHERR SPECK VON STERNBERG.
German.
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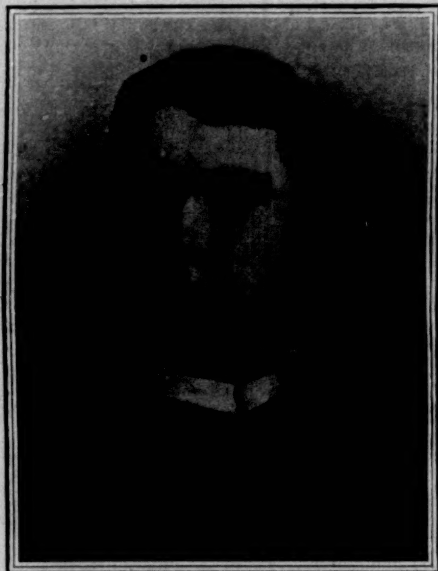
THE TRIPARTITE JOINT COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.



ENSIGN JOHN R. MONAGHAN, U.S.N.,
Killed by Samoan Rebels, April 1.

A Commercial Exposition

IN the city of Philadelphia, beginning September 14, 1899, under the joint auspices of the Commercial Museums and the Franklin Institute, is to be held a national exposition, having for its object the development of American manufactures and the expansion of the export trade of the United States. This will be the first exposition of such a character ever held in this country. For this purpose buildings covering an area of eight acres will be erected on the west side of the Schuylkill River, south of the South Street bridge, between the Almshouse and the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, on a site given to the museum by the city. They will be 400 by 900 feet in extreme dimensions.

The entrance will be through a broad covered colonnade extending on either side of a central arch, surmounted by an allegorical group. From this entrance steps will descend into an open court laid out in gardens adorned with fountains, and connected with the wings of the buildings by arched arcades.

Of the four buildings to be erected, two will be of a permanent character, and will eventually become the home of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums. In connection with the exposition a commercial congress will be held, at which questions concerning international trade will be discussed. It is expected that the governments of the Latin-American republics, China, Japan, India, South Africa, and Australia, besides other countries, will send delegates to represent them in the coming congress. The leading national trade organizations will also convene in Philadelphia at the same time to adopt measures for a more energetic prosecution of the interests they represent.

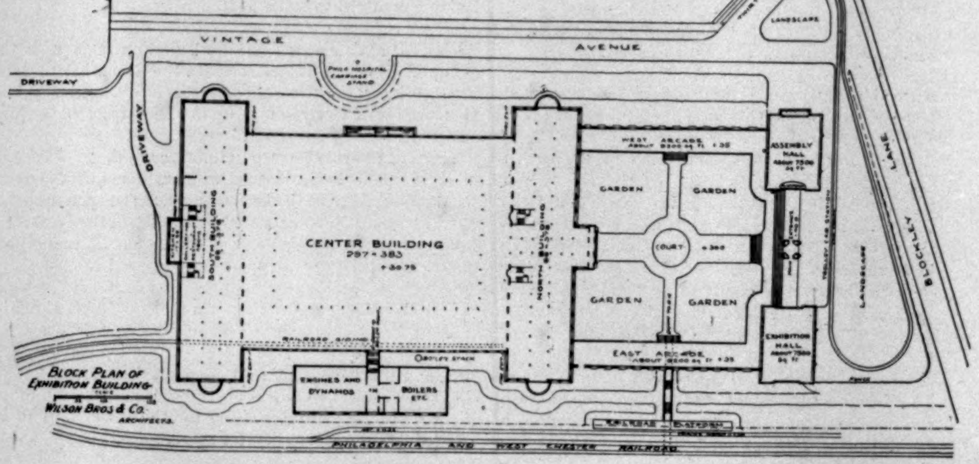
EDWARD T. HEYN.

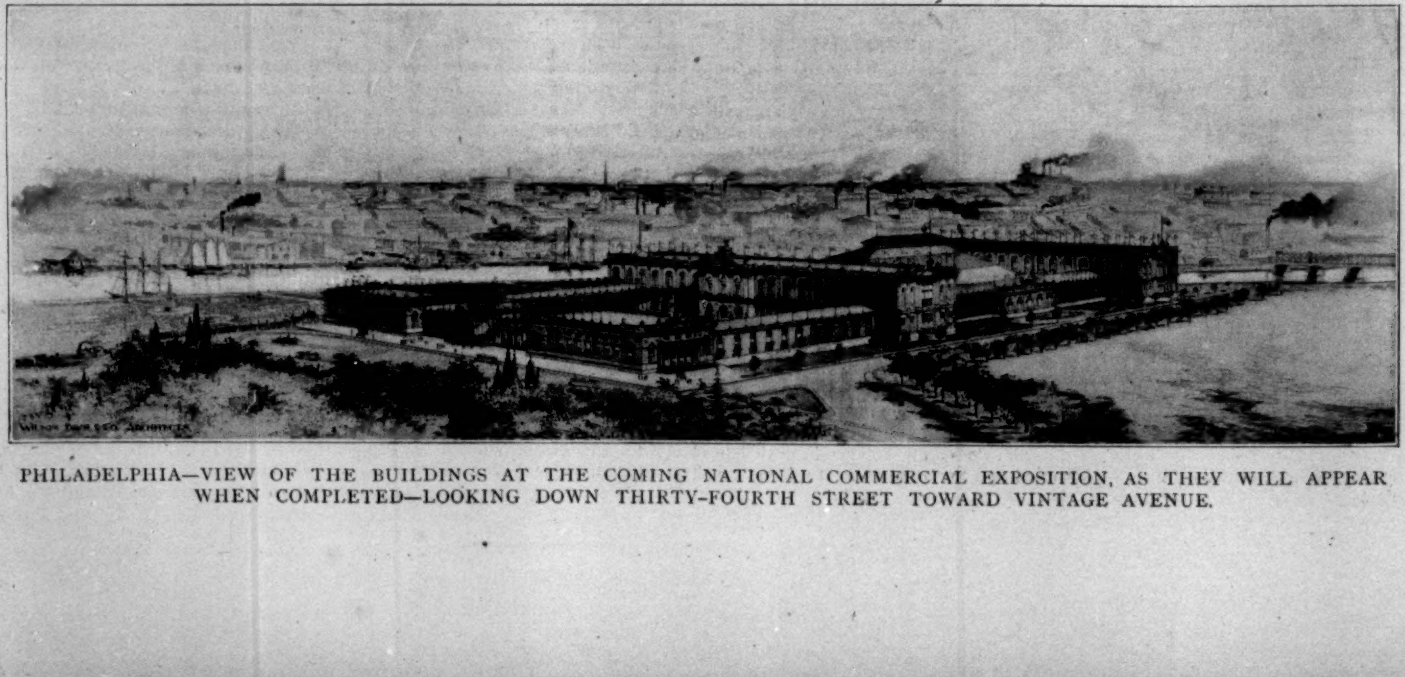
Her Majesty

QUEENLIKE her pose, her chosen part
To stab with scorn the callow heart;—

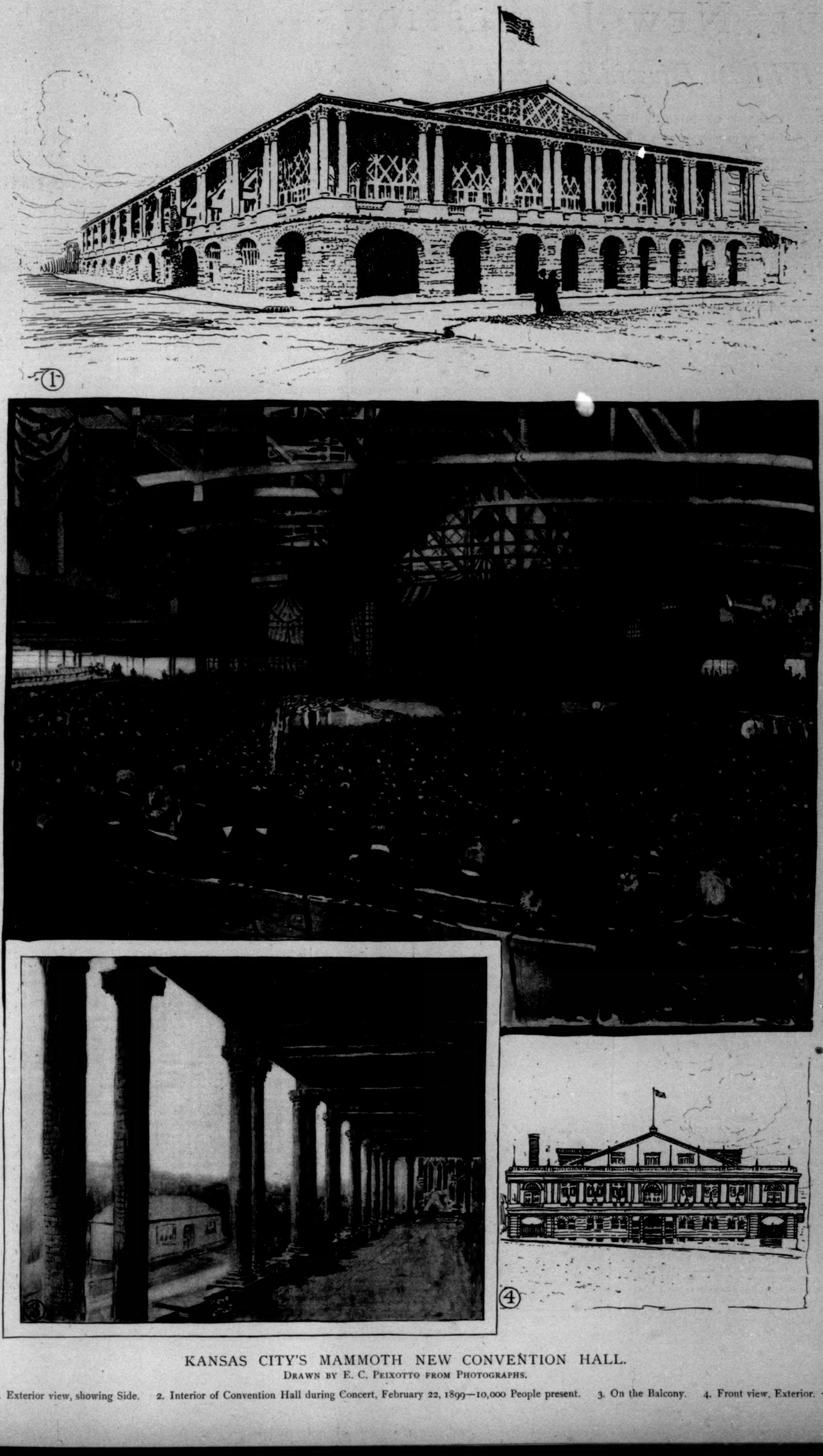
And yet, when Love leads out his powers,
And conquers this cruel girl of ours,
We'll find her a woman, warm to bless
With all of a woman's tenderness.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.


VINTAGE AVENUE
THIRTY-FOURTH ST.
LANDSCAPE
DRIVEWAY
DRIVEWAY
CARRIAGE STAND
WEST ARCADE
ASSEMBLY HALL
GARDEN
GARDEN
SOUTH BUILDING
CENTER BUILDING
297 × 383
NORTH BUILDING
COURT
GARDEN
GARDEN
LANDSCAPE
BLOCKLEY LANE
EXHIBITION HALL
EAST ARCADE
ENGINES AND DYNAMOS
BOILERS ETC.
RAILROAD SIDING
RAILROAD PLATFORM
PHILADELPHIA AND WEST CHESTER RAILROAD
BLOCK PLAN OF EXHIBITION BUILDING
WILSON BROS & CO. ARCHITECTS.


WILSON BROS & CO. ARCHITECTS

PHILADELPHIA—VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AT THE COMING NATIONAL COMMERCIAL EXPOSITION, AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED—LOOKING DOWN THIRTY-FOURTH STREET TOWARD VINTAGE AVENUE.



KANSAS CITY'S MAMMOTH NEW CONVENTION HALL.

DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

1. Exterior view, showing Side. 2. Interior of Convention Hall during Concert, February 22, 1899—10,000 People present. 3. On the Balcony. 4. Front view, Exterior.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 29, 1899

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Divided Democracy

TWO DINNERS in New York city have served to illustrate in a striking way the division of the Democracy throughout the country. The Democratic Club of the metropolis planned a feast in honor of THOMAS JEFFERSON, and invited the last Presidential candidate of the party which professes to represent the Democratic principles that JEFFERSON championed. He refused to attend, because the spokesman for the club had repudiated the chief plank in the national platform of 1896. In order to emphasize the divergence of views, Mr. BRYAN came to New York a few hours later that he might attend another dinner, at which the key-note was allegiance to this platform, and especially to the silver resolution, which was ignored on the first occasion.

There has been a good deal of joking about these two occasions—the ten-dollar dinner and the one-dollar dinner, as they have usually been distinguished; and there were humorous features about both, such as the fact that RICHARD CROKER was the exemplar of "Jeffersonian principles" at one, and that at the other plain fare was deemed essential to honor a man who enjoyed the best of living. But there was a serious side to the controversy, comical as were some of its accessories. It showed that the financial issue which was raised in 1896 has left the party which raised it disrupted as it approaches the contest of 1900. It is only a few months before the first delegates to the national conventions of next year will be chosen, and yet men who have always called themselves Democrats are disputing bitterly as to what constitutes Democracy.

The dispute is as earnest elsewhere as it is in New York city. A JEFFERSON dinner was held in Milwaukee shortly before the rival dinners at the East. Mr. BRYAN was present, but the reporters discovered that the speech which he delivered was decidedly different from that which he had prepared and given out in proof-slips. The written speech was uncompromising in devotion to silver, while the spoken one did not make the financial issue prominent. The reason was that so many of the Democrats at this dinner were earnest opponents of free coinage that even Mr. BRYAN shrank from "throwing a coldness over the meeting" by language which would arouse their hostility. A similar state of things would have been encountered in any other large city between the Missouri and the Atlantic if the same experiment had been tried.

The most curious thing about this division is the fact that it is over a question which no longer engrosses the public mind. Three years ago silver was the burning issue. Everybody was interested in it. Now most people are tired of it. A whole set of new questions has been brought to the front by the war with Spain. People are now thinking about the grave problems growing out of the freeing of Cuba and the acquisition of Puerto Rico and the Philippines. The "16 to 1" issue seems almost as remote as the controversy of thirty years ago about whether the new amendments to the Constitution had been legally adopted. Even those Western farmers who were so much stirred up over silver three or four years ago are weary of it, now that they have had a succession of fine crops, which they have sold at good prices, and find themselves prosperous despite "the crime of 1873."

The obvious way out of their difficulty is to drop the old issue, which divides the party, and unite it to do battle on the new questions which are engaging national attention. Two difficulties stand in the way. One is the party's candidate for President in 1896. Mr. BRYAN means to be the nominee in 1900. He is assisted in this ambition by the fact that there is left in the organization hardly a single old leader to dispute his pre-eminence, and that no prominent Democrat has come to the front during the last three years. The Chicago platform drove the brains out of the Democratic party, and the void has not been filled. Mr. BRYAN thus has the stage to himself.

The only way to get rid of their old candidate is by an organized effort to cut loose from the issue which he represents and the defeat which is involved in raising that issue again. But here an anomalous state of things is encountered. Ordinarily the managers of a party are anxious for success, and ready to abandon a policy which involves defeat. But the split in Democracy caused by the Chicago platform threw the machinery of the party almost everywhere into the hands of weak men who had cut no figure while the old leaders were in control. These men care a great deal more about maintaining their own prominence in their States than they do about the success of their party in the nation. So long as the silver issue is kept to the front, they can retain their positions of party authority. The moment that issue should be shelved, they would be pushed back into their former obscurity. The consequence is that this whole class of political workers is enthusiastic for the nomination of BRYAN in 1900 upon the same silver plank as in 1896. As they control the organization throughout the South, in the States west of the Mississippi, and in some of the States east of that river, it would be a tremendous undertaking to overthrow them and defeat their scheme.

This demoralization of Democracy is nothing short of a national misfortune. Under a system of party government it is almost as essential to the public interest that there shall be a strong opposition as a strong administration. Indeed, an administration needs the constant spur of a vigorous antagonist to be itself strong. Fair-minded Republicans in Vermont and candid Democrats in Texas admit that their States suffer from being so one-sided politically. The nation will be best governed when the party in power, whichever it may be, is in constant dread lest its misconduct shall enable an alert and powerful opposition to oust it.

THE gathering at Atlantic City of a Congressional committee to consider financial legislation and recommend measures for adoption at the next session is an encouraging event. The committee consists entirely of Republicans, and was created by a party caucus shortly before the end of the last session. Its members are not theorists or doctrinaires; on the contrary, they are exceedingly practical politicians. They have no pet hobbies to push upon each other's attention; no elaborate schemes to quarrel over. The great trouble with the regular House committees on such questions has been that there were almost as many plans for currency reform as there were members, and that each man thought his own plan the only one which had any merit. The result was that anything like agreement was next to impossible, and not even an approach to harmony was reached until near the end of the last session, when it was too late for effective action. The present caucus committee is composed of men who were picked out with an especial view to working together amicably. They believe that, as a matter of party tactics, it is good policy for the Republicans to have some practical measure to propose when Congress shall meet for the next session, and their only object is to prepare a bill which can command the united support of their Republican associates. They are men of influence in their party; they represent all sections, and only two of the eleven live east of the Alleghanies, so that there can be no charge of "Wall Street influence." More than one represent districts which are apt to be close, and were elected through the support of sound-money Democrats who believed that a Republican Congress would vindicate their faith in the party's professions. There is no reason to expect any great measure of currency reform from this body, but it will undoubtedly formulate a bill which will mark some progress toward a permanent and complete settlement of the questions at issue. This is the first time that the dominant party has voluntarily taken a forward step along this path, and the assembling of these shrewd Republican politicians for such a purpose is a sign of promise.

LEGISLATIVE investigations are so apt to be started from partisan motives and conducted for partisan ends that the public is sceptical as to the sincerity of any new movement in this direction. For this reason a good many Republicans and independents were at first inclined to doubt whether much of value would come from the inquiry into New York city affairs recently begun by a Republican committee of the Legislature, while Democrats, of course, had only sneers for the idea. Nobody can maintain that there has not been some justification for such suspicions in the course pursued by the committee thus far; but, after due allowance for the natural desire of the majority to make party capital out of the investigation, it must be conceded that it is proving fruitful of good. The community has seen the ruler of the metropolis upon the witness-stand day after day; it has heard his significant admissions of various features of his policy, and has noted his even more significant refusals to answer many questions. It is a great thing to have a boss expound his system of government as clearly as CROKER did when he told how he picks out judges, and then puts into his own pocket money that comes from their action on the bench in appointing referees who name as auctioneer the firm to which he belongs. The average boss in an American city keeps himself in the background as much as possible, and shrinks from letting his subjects see how much he is making out of them. But the ruler of New York has become so intoxicated with power that he exults in displaying the methods of his tyranny. What was before only suspected CROKER has himself confessed, and if the investigation had accomplished nothing else than to get CROKER on the stand, it would have been abundantly vindicated.

THE legislative season is everywhere drawing to a close, and it is possible to review its developments as they affect the cause of civil service reform. A survey of the field shows that there is no good ground for discouragement. In no State of the Union has any action been taken by a Legislature which involved any loss of ground already won by the reformers. Oddly enough, the most threatening assault was made in the quarter where it would least have been expected. Massachusetts was one of the first States to enact a civil service law, and is the last where one would have apprehended any danger of a reaction. Yet the legislative committee on this subject surprised everybody a few weeks ago by proposing a most revolutionary step backward. But publicity was the only thing needed to defeat the scheme, and the spoilsmen soon found that they must surrender. In New York Governor ROOSEVELT has succeeded in undoing the wrong done by Governor BLACK two years ago, when the latter set out to "take the starch" out of the civil service by radical changes in the law, so that the politicians might work it to their own advantage. The Republican majority in the Legislature showed plainly that it had little sympathy with the Governor in this matter, but it recognized that it could not afford to stand out against him. The course of Congress regarding the civil service illustrated the same temper. There are plenty of Senators and Representatives who "take no stock in civil service," to use a phrase which they much affect; but whenever it comes to the point, as it did last winter, of trying to starve out the commission, only a small minority dares so to vote. On the other hand, any real advancement of the reform through Congressional action is very hard to get. The establishment of a bureau to take the census of 1900 offered an opportunity for the extension of the merit system which ought to have been improved without the slightest hesitation; whereas only a beggarly minority in either branch would consider the idea of bringing these thousands of places under the operation of the rules. The truth seems to be that the reform is already strong enough to withstand assaults upon what has been gained, but that a great deal of hard work must yet be done before it can be advanced to cover the whole field which it should control. Its advocates have no reason to feel discouraged on the one hand, nor to regard their task as accomplished on the other.

A YEAR ago Lord SALISBURY's hard saying was on every tongue. The strong states, the living nations, grow stronger; the dying states, such as Spain and China, must surrender their territory, piece by piece—such was the purport of his declaration. It seemed to borrow authority, while lending a selfish application to the text, "But whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." In the course of a twelvemonth one of the weaker states has surrendered to one of the stronger its rights and wrongs in the Philippines. The true nature of our undertaking on the other side of the world is being disclosed from week to week, and difficulties are becoming apparent which, now that the nation's honor is engaged, are an incitement and a challenge. If a nobler reading of our duty is sought, we would suggest the following adaptation of the same passage as a warrant for our great sacrifices: To him who gives his treasure and, if necessary, his life for another—to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE was a disquieting rumor last week that Speaker Reed had been offered very large pecuniary inducements—to wit, $50,000 a year—to resign from Congress and practise law in New York. It was closely followed by the announcement, on April 19, that Mr. Reed was about to join the law firm of Simpson, Thatcher, & Barnum, and would live and labor in New York after his return from a summer trip to Europe. Neither he nor his prospective associates have confirmed the $50,000 item, nor has he as yet given any assurance that he will resign the Speakership and retire from Congress. It is taken for granted, however, that if he is coming to New York to practise law, he will make a business of law for a time at least, and try to huddle together money enough to make him independent of the generosity of a grateful country which he has served at small wages for twenty years.

The post of Speaker of the House is of enormous importance and responsibility. Why should it not command a salary bearing some relation to its size? Mr. Reed probably feels a natural human inclination to accumulate some money. His salary as Speaker was $8000 a year. That is not enough. If it was $25,000 a year, it would probably suffice to make outside money-making allurements powerless to attract him. His intention of coming to New York is somewhat rashly interpreted to mean that he has finished with politics; but Mr. Reed is only fifty-nine years old, and when he has laid aside the Speakership it is possible that he will be freer to express himself about public concerns and more available as a candidate for high political office than he is at present. It won't hurt him as a candidate to hail from New York. For the last year or two he has been opposed to the policy of the administration in many important particulars, and though he has been immensely useful as part of the machinery of government, and has saved us money in important quantities, his public service cannot have been wholly satisfying to his inner man, nor can he be blamed if a change seems inviting to him.

Mr. Reed seems to be, in a way and in moderation, an approver of that cloistered life which Governor Roosevelt says is so unwholesome for a nation. Perhaps living in Maine has cramped his impulses; and if so, living in New York might expand him. For a cloistered person, however, he seems fairly robust, and he can sit down harder than Governor Roosevelt, and remain seated much longer without getting tired. He and the Governor are fine types of men; highly contrasted, but both valuable. New York is a commodious State, and can easily find room for both of them.

IT was announced last week that Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, whose grave illness at New Orleans was matter of so much public concern, had passed the crisis of his disease. By this time, therefore, he must be well along towards recovery. Mr. Warner had influenza, with a complication of pneumonia in one lung, with results that for a time were alarming. He has been writing a new novel, in which, we are told, will appear again some of the characters we learned to like in *The Golden House*.

FOR a good many years Union College has suspected that she was poor, but has not been sure how poor, because she has owned some property on Long Island, which, it was thought, might some time bring a great price. A few months ago this Long Island property was sold, and did not bring so much but that the debts of the college absorbed it. Now Union finds that when her running expenses have been reduced as much as possible she will still have an annual deficit of about $23,000. Her only asset which could be made to be more productive than it is is her real estate in Schenectady. She has tried to induce the city of Schenectady to hire a large part of the 170 acres that the college owns for a park, but though many citizens favored that plan as a way of helping out the college, many others didn't, and that scheme has fallen through. Moreover, land is not worth very much in Schenectady anyway, and Union might sell off all she can possibly spare and yet not be materially helped. The sympathetic townsmen of Schenectady have met several times and taken thought for her, and financiers have financed for her, and the alumni have been appealed to, but, for all they smite the rock, the water doesn't seem to gush. Half a million dollars so invested as to pay five per cent. seems to be indispensable to Union's welfare.

The straits of the old college are melancholy to consider. President Raymond has announced that the college must be closed unless its income can be increased, but he does not like to admit that Union's work is done.

THE last report about the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York is that Mr. Connell of the Regent Square Church in London, who has been called by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterians, is so committed to other employments that he will not feel justified in giving them up. Mr. Connell has just returned from China, and delegates from the Fifth Avenue Church have gone to England to carry to him their church's invitation. Until they have seen him and labored with him there can be no certainty that their arguments will not prevail with him, but the prospect of getting him does not seem to be good. Perhaps the delegates will go to Scotland or Ireland and look about. There are great Presbyterians in those parts, and the Fifth Avenue Church knows the school and likes its products.

AN observation made on this page of the Weekly about the interest that visitors to the St. Louis Fair would feel in meeting the Missouri folks of the outlying districts seems to the Kansas City *Star* to have emanated from a writer "who thinks of St. Louis and Missouri and the West as places where the people speak in dialect and wear queer clothes and shy at trolley-cars, and who does not realize that St. Louis is, after New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, the greatest city in the United States."

There are no delusions hereabout as to St. Louis, though it seems to be the least known and realized great city in the land, and a good place to have a great fair for better acquaintance' sake. Neither does there any longer exist in the East the mental attitude towards the West which the *Star* suggests. Any morning in New York it is possible to stop at the Astoria Hotel and see the great West at breakfast, and admire its clothes, and notice the finish of its manners. The East is much more inclined nowadays to stand in awe-struck contemplation of the West, and to meditate upon its energy and ambition and its large-patterned Destiny, than to condescend to it or disparage it.

Kansas City, too, we know is a lively town, about the size of Rochester, and provided with everything that a population of 175,000 entitles a city to have. But as for the "outlying districts" of the State of Missouri, it is probably true that the impression prevails somewhat widely that a large part of the rural population of that State are not as fully abreast of the times as their neighbors in Illinois, Ohio, and Iowa. Wasn't it a recent and successful candidate for Governor of Missouri who assured his constituents that they would be welcome to spit on the floor in the Governor's house if he was elected? Such a tale came East, and it sounded a little backward; and within a year there have been letters from Missouri in prominent Eastern newspapers which have given the impression that civilization there was as yet not quite a finished product, and that the schoolmaster and the preacher and the capitalist had still a good deal to do. The *Star* ought to know better than the Weekly does whether these yarns are calumnies. No doubt, too, the *Star* has heard and despises the tale told to the present writer, by a native of Missouri, of the six men who in the course of a smoking-car conversation upon a railroad train fell to questioning one another as to the States of their nativity. "I was born in Ohio," boasted one. "And I in Illinois." "And I in Kentucky." "And I in Georgia." "And I in Maine." The sixth man was somewhat deliberate, but as they looked towards him he put his hand behind him, and grasping the handle of a gun which stuck out of his rear pocket, said: "Well, I was born in Missouri. Now, d——n ye, don't one of ye laugh!"

No doubt this libellous story is a product of what the *Star* calls "the educated opinion that grows in flower-pots east of the Alleghanies." The sixth State in the Union can afford to smile at it.

THE *Woman's Journal* (Boston), finding fault with the opinions of the Weekly anent the execution of Mrs. Place, asks, "What would Harper's Weekly say if a man had been electrocuted upon the verdict of a jury composed solely of women?"

There can hardly be two opinions as to that. Juries of men are apt to be lenient to women. Juries of women would doubtless be lenient to men. The presumption would be that a man executed on the strength of a verdict found by twelve women was an atrocious criminal whom his triers did not dare to spare.

THE Washington *Times* reports that in Russia the Bismarck autobiography (of which the American edition is published by the Harpers) is under the official censor's ban, and that the Russian booksellers have been forbidden to sell it. Thousands of copies, it seems, are hidden throughout the empire, waiting for the censorship to be relaxed or for opportunity for secret sales.

A CONTEMPORARY which reported the triumphal progress of the *Raleigh* up the North River on the morning of April 16 represents one of her officers as saying, as he stood bareheaded in the rain on her wet quarter-deck and waved response to shouters ashore: "We know that it isn't for us these people are risking their health and lives. They are yelling for the Old Man. They yell for us because this is one of the Old Man's ships. They can't yell too much."

There was enough truth in that to make one's heart go out more than ever towards the *Raleigh*, and to put one's yelling powers to a more critical test. There is no doubt that when the Old Man comes home the roof will come off. Meanwhile the reception to the *Raleigh* last week was a very pretty earnest of what is to come.

She was expected on Saturday afternoon, April 15, and a glorious welcome was provided for her, including sunshine and gay crowds all along the river-front from the Battery to Grant's Tomb The bunting was out on the shipping, and excursion-boats went down the bay to meet her; but there was no *Raleigh* that day Her trip from Bermuda was not as expeditious as was expected, and she did not get in until late at night. Sunday the climate gave out. It rained dismally, and the air was harsh and a month behind the times. The *Raleigh* left Quarantine early, and came up to the anchorage off Tompkinsville, where the two little Spanish gunboats that came across lots the other day from Chesapeake Bay were waiting for her. There she anchored and waited, and her reception began. Tugs and steamers loaded with enthusiasts came poking through the mist to call on her. Every one who came in sight yelled, and the *Raleigh* began to realize that her return was appreciated irrespective of the weather. Then she ran up her home-coming pennant, 312 feet long, with a gilt bladder at the end.

About half past ten the Mayor and a delegation of city officials came aboard, and were received by Captain Coghlan. The Mayor made a speech and said the *Raleigh* did nobly. Captain Coghlan responded that Admiral Dewey was a great commander; they shook hands all around, and the papers say that "hospitality was hastily partaken of." Then as the Mayor departed the *Raleigh* fired the Mayor's salute of fifteen guns, and the procession began. First the Mayor's boat, then the captured gunboats *Sandoval* and *Alvarado*, then the *Raleigh* with a police-boat on each side of her, and two government tugs behind. So they crossed the bay, the tramp steamships whistling their respectful compliments, and on up the North River, where dripping groups yelled from every pier-head, and colors dipped and whistles screeched. At Grant's Tomb all flags were half-masted while the twenty-one-gun salutes of the three war-ships were fired and returned. Then the *Raleigh* came back and anchored off Thirty-fourth Street. The crowds that welcomed her were not great. The weather was too unwholesomely desolate for that, but there was no question about the warmth of the welcome.

The *Raleigh* is the sister ship of the *Cincinnati*, and was launched at Norfolk in 1892. She will go to the Portsmouth Navy Yard and be overhauled.

THE San Francisco newspapers are having fun over two new laws affecting California papers which have just gone into effect. One of the new statutes prohibits cartoons. The Publishers' Association has determined to ignore it, because the lawyers say it is unconstitutional and cannot be enforced. The other statute directs that all libellous articles in newspapers shall be signed, and the association deals with that by ordering everything in the papers to be signed, except the advertisements and editorials. In the San Francisco *Chronicle* for April 18 the news of the paper is signed, down to one-line police items and obituaries. The effect is amusing; but the newspaper publishers don't at all mind that, as their purpose is to show the absurdity of the new law by enforcing it.

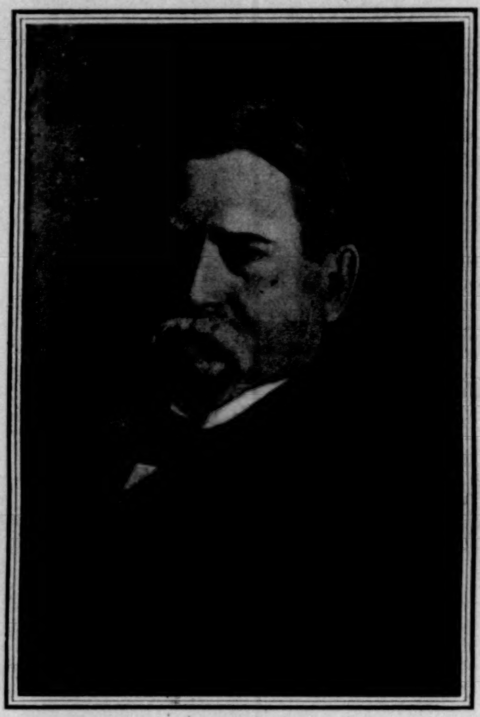
A LITTLE earlier in the season than the detailed report of the vision of the sea-serpent off Block Island comes the annual rumor that Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell, is about to become the President of a college. This spring the institution with which Professor Wheeler's name is associated is the University of California, which is looking for some one to succeed Dr. Kellogg. The university has great plans afoot—architectural, educational, and financial—and is entering on an exceedingly interesting period of its development. It is already a very considerable institution, and what it will be when Mrs. Hearst and its other benefactors get through doing for it is something which it may be worth a trip to San Francisco to discover. There is an atmosphere of fairy godmothers and seven-league boots and Aladdin palaces about the two great California universities which intoxicates the imagination. Nobody need wonder if Professor Wheeler acknowledges its charm and turns his face towards the sunset.

THE echoes of the Vanderbilt-Fair wedding seem to resound louder in London than the original noise did in New York. The London *Spectator* learns that the wedding-presents were worth £400,000, and is moved to a philosophical discourse of some length on luxury in America. The *Spectator* thinks it somewhat grievous to have £20,000 a year locked up in wedding-presents which produce no income and are an expense to store, and so it is. The three deductions of social moment which it draws from this wedding are that "plutocracy in America excites at least as much attention as aristocracy in Europe; that this plutocracy thinks it advisable to advertise its splendor; and that the democracy, instead of envying this wealth, evidently enjoys the profusion it produces as a sort of highly colored picture that breaks the deadly monotony of the scene around."

The first of these deductions seems sound. The other day when the *Sun* printed on its front page a despatch from Cambridge disclosing that young Mr. Goelet had the measles, but not badly, it did seem as though accumulated capital was getting at least as much notice here as rank gets abroad.

The second deduction seems doubtful. Young Mr. Goelet probably didn't advertise his own measles, and it seems a fair question whether our plutocracy advertises its own splendor. When the inquirers come with pick-axes and crowbars and insist on prying the lids off of jewel-boxes, what can the good-natured plutocrats do?

Thirdly, democracy is not so deadly monotonous as the *Spectator* supposes. Last week there was the Wild West; this week we have the circus; Coney Island has sprouted; baseball is in full bloom; and the walk up Fifth Avenue on a fine afternoon late in April is one of the most amusing things in creation. The Vanderbilt weddings were not the only shows of the spring. Oh no!



HON. BARTLETT TRIPP.
American.
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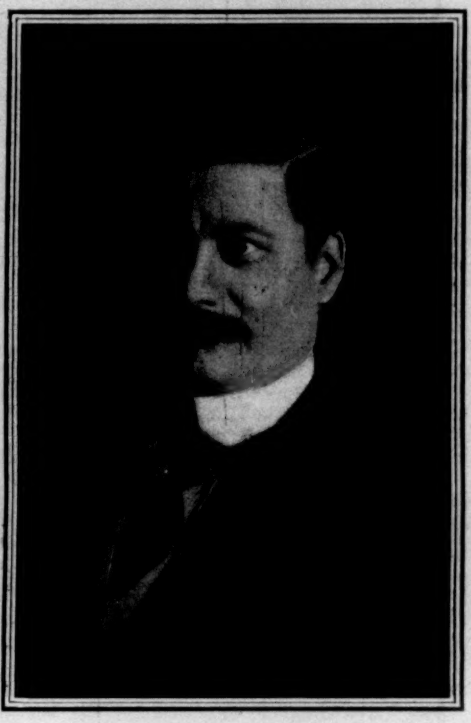

C. N. E. ELIOT, ESQ., C.B.
British.
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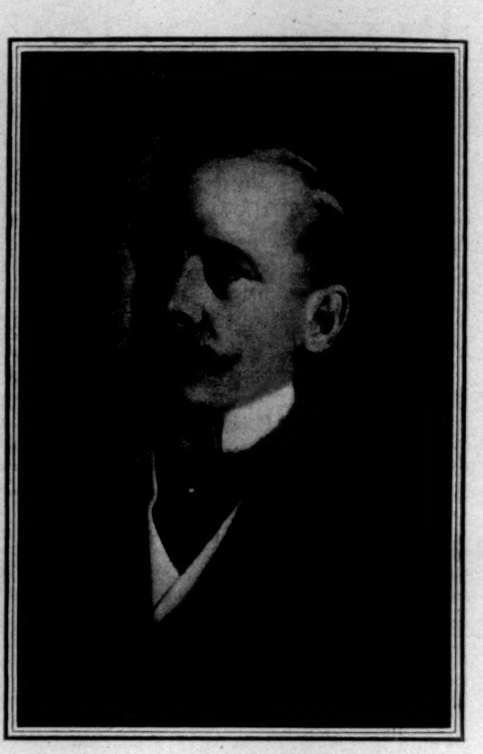

FREIHERR SPECK VON STERNBERG.
German.
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THE TRIPARTITE JOINT COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.

ENSIGN JOHN R. MONAGHAN, U.S.N.,
Killed by Samoan Rebels, April 1.

A Commercial Exposition

IN the city of Philadelphia, beginning September 14, 1899, under the joint auspices of the Commercial Museums and the Franklin Institute, is to be held a national exposition, having for its object the development of American manufactures and the expansion of the export trade of the United States. This will be the first exposition of such a character ever held in this country. For this purpose buildings covering an area of eight acres will be erected on the west side of the Schuylkill River, south of the South Street bridge, between the Almshouse and the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, on a site given to the museum by the city. They will be 400 by 900 feet in extreme dimensions.

The entrance will be through a broad covered colonnade extending on either side of a central arch, surmounted by an allegorical group. From this entrance steps will descend into an open court laid out in gardens adorned with fountains, and connected with the wings of the buildings by arched arcades.

Of the four buildings to be erected, two will be of a permanent character, and will eventually become the home of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums. In connection with the exposition a commercial congress will be held, at which questions concerning international trade will be discussed. It is expected that the governments of the Latin-American republics, China, Japan, India, South Africa, and Australia, besides other countries, will send delegates to represent them in the coming congress. The leading national trade organizations will also convene in Philadelphia at the same time to adopt measures for a more energetic prosecution of the interests they represent.

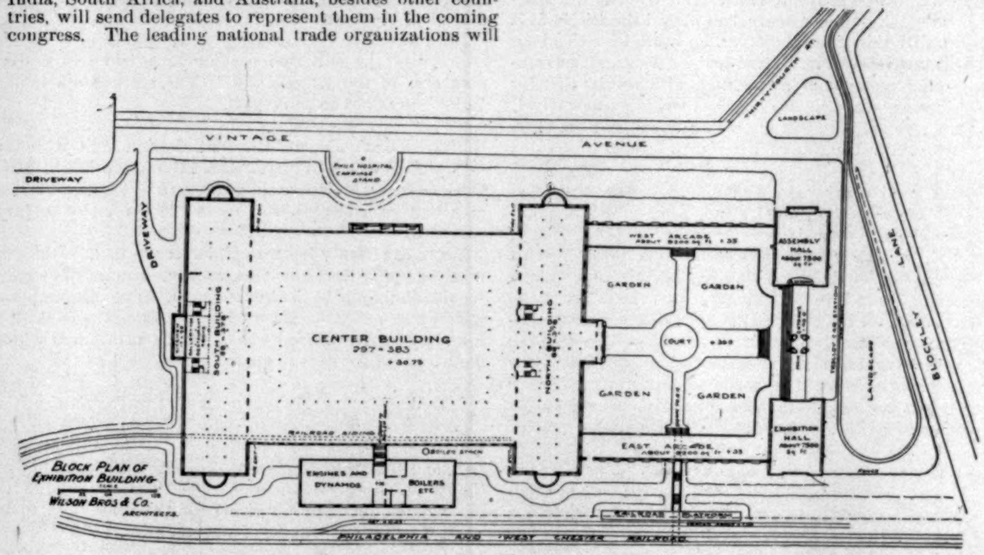
EDWARD T. HEYN.

Her Majesty

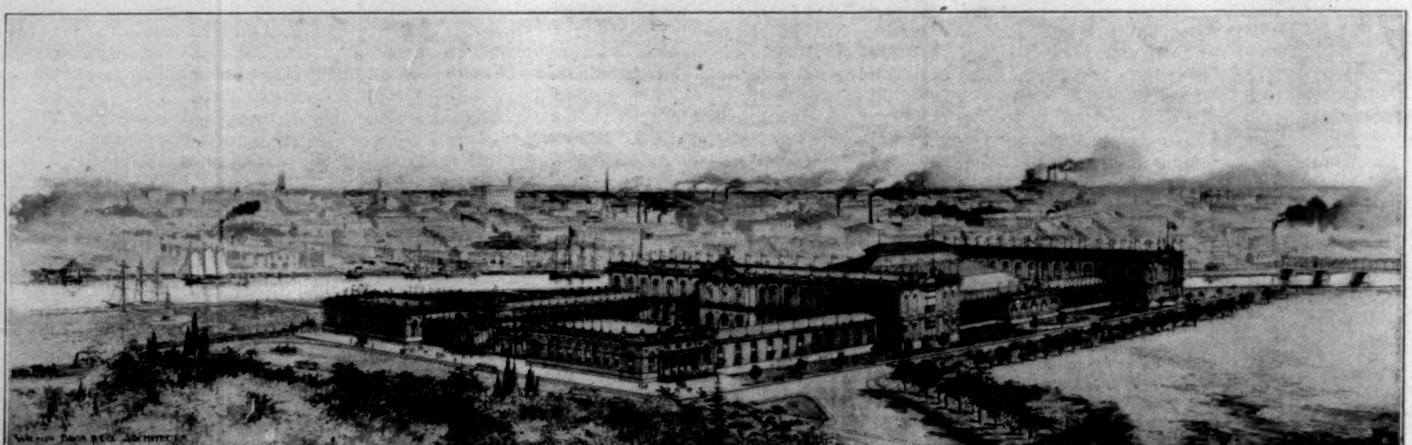
QUEENLIKE her pose, her chosen part
To stab with scorn the callow heart;—

And yet, when Love leads out his powers,
And conquers this cruel girl of ours,
We'll find her a woman, warm to bless
With all of a woman's tenderness.

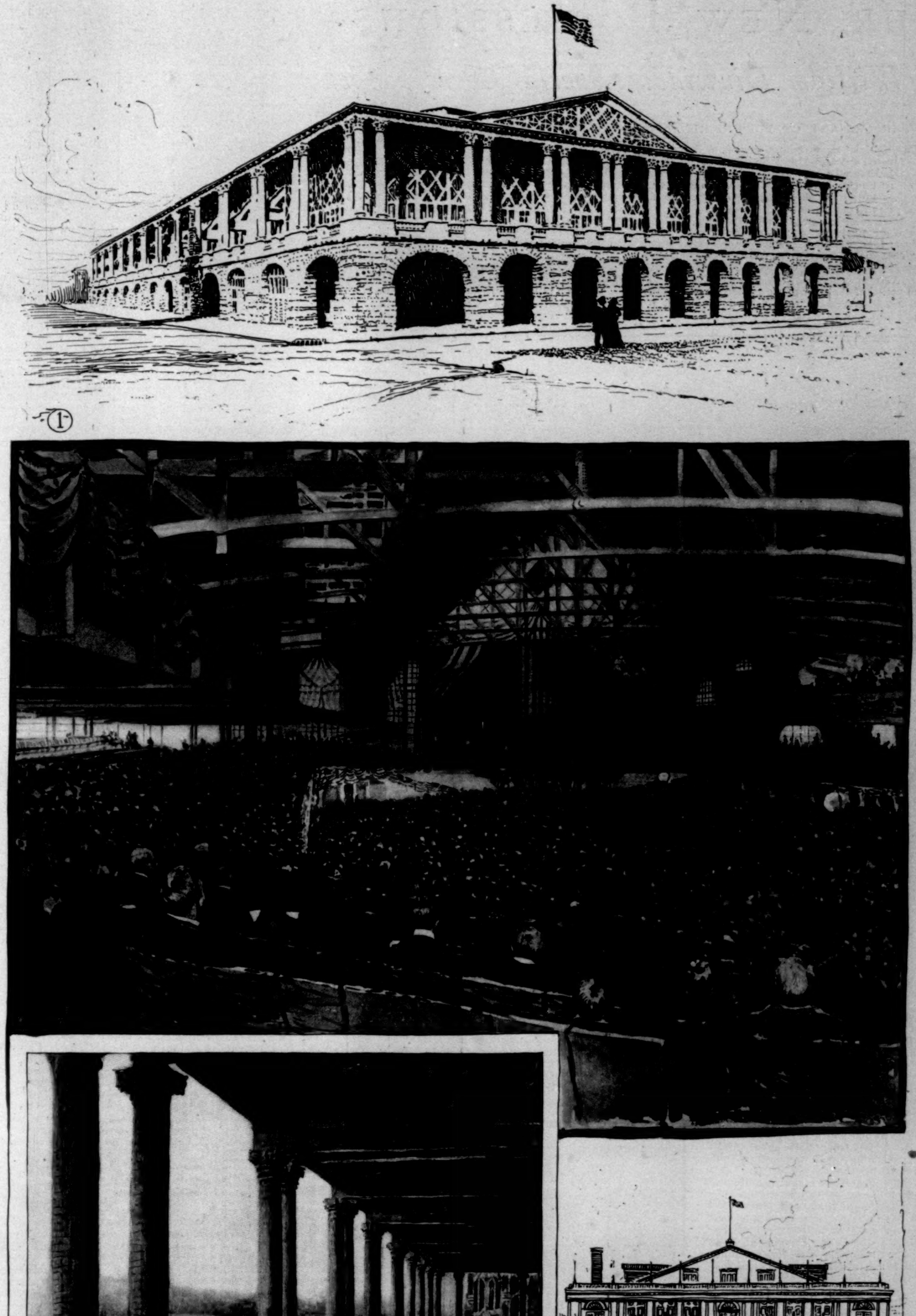
FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.



VINTAGE AVENUE
DRIVEWAY
THIRTY-FOURTH ST.
LANDSCAPE
PHILA. HOSPITAL CARRIAGE STAND
DRIVEWAY
SOUTH BUILDING
CENTER BUILDING
297 × 383
NORTH BUILDING
WEST ARCADE
ASSEMBLY HALL
GARDEN
GARDEN
COURT
GARDEN
GARDEN
EAST ARCADE
EXHIBITION HALL
LANDSCAPE
LANE
BLOCKLEY
RAILROAD SIDING
BOILER STACK
ENGINES AND DYNAMOS
BOILERS ETC.
RAILROAD PLATFORM
PHILADELPHIA AND WEST CHESTER RAILROAD
BLOCK PLAN OF EXHIBITION BUILDING
WILSON BROS & CO. ARCHITECTS.



PHILADELPHIA—VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AT THE COMING NATIONAL COMMERCIAL EXPOSITION, AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED—LOOKING DOWN THIRTY-FOURTH STREET TOWARD VINTAGE AVENUE.



KANSAS CITY'S MAMMOTH NEW CONVENTION HALL.

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto from Photographs.

1. Exterior view, showing Side. 2. Interior of Convention Hall during Concert, February 22, 1899—10,000 People present. 3. On the Balcony. 4. Front view, Exterior.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

THE PEASANT OF PUERTO RICO

THE life of the peasant, the peon, of Puerto Rico is not a dream of ease and luxury; neither has he ever passed through the nightmare of wretched hunger and biting cold which adds so vitally to the hardships of the poverty-stricken of Northern climes.

In squalor and filth, in crudity and ignorance, the larger number of the inhabitants go through their comparatively short lives; for one does not see many aged people among them. They die off from fevers, contagious diseases, and troubles handed down from sickened forefathers, at a comparatively early age.

At no period of the poor man's existence can he suffer the tortures of starvation because his job of work has given out, for, while during whole months of the year he may not earn a single centavo, he still has his little plot of vegetables on the hill; then, if worst comes to worst, or the land-owner turns him out, he may live on the profusion of fruits and roots of the forest, or, as is a common practice of the country, upon the fruits filched from his more opulent neighbor.

HOMES OF MESTIZO PEASANTS—LARES.

In the dry season he complains of the cold of early morning, yet he needs but the merest rags to cover his nakedness, for on no day in the year is it colder than our mildest of autumnal weather. Shoes are a useless burden to his bare and sole-leather lined feet, which have trodden the rocky, briery trails in their nakedness from infancy; and a hat, if he must have it, he makes in his own house from the grass grown around the doorway.

The house in which he is domiciled he builds in a few short days from poles and thatch and bark rolls of the royal palm; and a good house it is, in spite of its primitive appearance, for it screens him from the colder winds of night, and sheds the water of the driving rains like a duck's back.

As a story-book life of primitive simplicity, in which the human needs are few and readily met with a minimum amount of labor, it is idealistic, but as an existence for civilized man it is a horrible fantasy.

The average wage of the laboring-man is less than fifty cents (Spanish) a day, and the work for which he is paid does not cover a period of more than four or five months in the year. It is not customary for the employer to hire his laborer by the month or the year, but to secure his assistance only at cropping-times. Sugar-plantation workers in the field are usually paid sixty-two cents a day (Spanish), though the skilled labor of a few men in the mills brings from one to one and a half pesos. The tobacco-field laborer gets about fifty cents, depending upon the locality and controlled by the supply of laborers. The coffee-pickers are almost equally divided as to sex among grown people, with a large sprinkling of children, who receive so much per measure—a hundredweight of coffee-beans delivered at the hacienda of the planter bringing about a peso. This makes the wage very variable, as quick and skilful pickers, when the crop is heavy, can make one peso a day, while in less prolific fields they secure only starvation wages. The little children add materially to the sum total of the family's revenue, but it is not over a few centavos a day. At the coffee-mills and drying-platforms, where the work of handling the coffee is constant and heavy, the wage is often a peso a day, but the numbers engaged in these places are small. Girls do most of the assorting of the coffee—though a few owners do this work with machinery—and seldom get above forty centavos per diem.

It may be said, then, that the wage of the Puerto-Rican is exceedingly small, and the time he is employed short. It hardly amounts to enough to supply him with clothing and trinkets for his family. In the idle times of the year he must support himself from his garden-patch, high on the steep hill-sides.

The employers in Puerto Rico all maintain that the returns in work done by the laborers of this tropic zone are much less per day than what is accomplished by laborers in the United States, and that their purchasing power for necessities is greater.

House rent is an almost unknown factor in the country, though in the towns many people huddle into one house, and live amid dirt and disease, at an expense to each family of a few pesos a month. It is customary for the landed proprietors to grant to their peons small patches on the steep hill-sides, which are of little value for tillage. This meets the end of assuring their services to the plantation-owner upon demand, with no expense to himself, and secures him the éclat of being apparently a philanthropist.

One enterprising Spanish coffee-raiser gives garden spots to his laborers rent free, with the understanding that they may raise garden-stuff, provided they plant guava-trees, the shade for the coffee-plant. By this means he gets virgin soil under cultivation, and grows the tree so necessary to successful coffee-culture, and he becomes a benefactor with a string tied to it, for his laborers move every two years to new land, and the coffee-plant springs up in a rich and fertile soil.

These little patches of garden of the peons, divided by green untrained hedges hanging high against the hills and over the steepest ridges, with their thatched houses boldly clinging to some sharp spur or bench, all clustered together under close-growing banana-plants, or in lonely singleness, watched over by a naked baby or two playing in the dirt, add greatly to the general picturesqueness of the entire region.

In the gardens they raise principally batatas, or sweet-potatoes, which seem to be the staple article of food. They have three varieties of this potato, one as sweet as ours, and two with a taste much like our Irish tuber. Rice is often grown, and it is a curiosity to Northern people to see, in place of lowland, carefully irrigated areas, luxuriant, heavily laden rice-fields, on the highest mountain-peaks. Beans of several kinds; squash of odd forms; muskmelons which look like pumpkins; peppers, big and little; a substitute for coffee, called gedianda; gourds and calabashes of great size; achoti, a beanlike pod filled with edible seeds; bananas and plantains; and yantia or tannia, the tuber-lily—make up the list of vegetables grown by cultivation upon these baby-farms of the poor. One sees now and then a lean razor-backed pig or two, held in tow by a hobbled leg, nosing around the doorway of a hut, and the fighting-chicken is always present. Beyond these and the cur-dog there are no domestic animals.

Children are an ever-present and abundant factor in the domestic economy of the peasant's life. It is called domestic economy, since it costs nothing to supply the air of day for the lungs of these little waifs; it costs nothing for their clothes, for they run about in the sunshine and the rain just as God made them, and sleep in odd corners without cover, for the first half-dozen years of their baby lives, and when older a single discarded tattered garment adds to their natural grace the shield of decency. So they live, without expense, and with little tenderness bestowed on them in the shape of material comforts, though the mother's kiss is often given and the father pats the little head. They soon toddle, at the command of the mother, to do small errands, to help weed the garden, to bring in the handful of wood for the fire, to dig the tubers for a meagre meal, and, lastly, to hold up their tiny hands and with pleading eyes gain a copper from the passer-by on the road-side. They are a good investment to the family; the majority of them die at an early age, and it costs but a few strained hours to the mother's heart, a bit of cloth for a shroud, and the energy needed to carry the tiny form to the potter's field. Offsetting this is the usefulness of those who, by the laws of survival of the fittest, pull through with sturdy forms, to pick berries, work in the cane and tobacco fields, and add to the common fund, until, at a varying age, they rebel against the paternal banker, and live for themselves in poverty and in bondage to the landed kings, just as the generations who came before them.

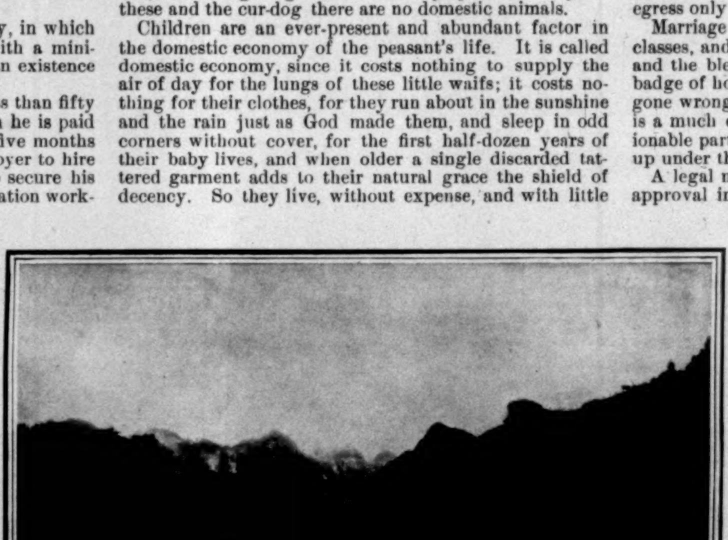
Among these people the houses and house-building of the poor are always interesting. The methods, the material, and the interior fittings are quite as primitive as among any of our aboriginal tribes of North America. In fact, there are less skill and less art shown in their construction than are exhibited in the highly ornate tepees of the Sioux, or the cleverly built adobe houses of the Zuñis. The type and shape of house vary little. A frame-work of lashed poles is thrown up, with a ridge-pole lashed above the rectangle box, and to the side walls are tied the broad bark curls unwound from the upper green trunk of the royal palm, and sometimes the walls are doubled by lining the interior. The bark overlaps, and is drawn taut by thongs in such a way as to make a perfectly solid wall. One opening suffices for a doorway, and window openings are unknown. The interior is often divided into two rooms, with the door-opening of the second compartment in the hallway; but as the dimensions of the entire house seldom exceed ten feet square, the quarters become rather crowded. At night four or five people sleep on the floor or swing in small hammocks, and, blocking the outer room or passage perhaps, the man of the house lies in a low-swung hammock. The house is a shelter from the wet weather of day and the damp of night, and at other times the inhabitants live outside, the women squatting on their heels when domestic labors are not pressing, chattering at one another like a flock of parrots. In the ditch water paddle a dozen naked babies, with protruding stomachs from fruit and vegetable diet, good-natured and aimless in their play.

The roofs are all thatched, preferably with the great leaves of the cocoanut or royal palm, or with the heavy long rank grass of the fields. One never sees ornaments in the houses. Now and then some of the very few religiously inclined will possess a rag-baby saint covered with dangling bits of silver blessed by the local padre. The children have trinkets and playthings of the crudest character, and a naked baby boy is a happy youngster, riding a piece of stick for a horse while his nude sister sits and fans herself with haughty mien, swaying a bit of palm leaf. The walls are hung not with decorations, but various eating-vessels, made commonly from the calabash, though the richer element sometimes proudly dangle a tin cup against the wall. Cooking is done on the outside of the house in dry weather, on a sheet of iron, or in a small, badly battered iron kettle, and the foods are served in gourd dishes, and eaten with gourd spoons. The powdered rice, corn meal, and seed-coffee are ground in wooden mortars or broken between stones. In continuous bad weather the life of the peasant is hard, as he is perforce obliged to cook within the confines of his house, which soon fills with a damp clinging smoke that finds egress only through the openings under the eaves.

Marriage is almost unknown among the very poor classes, and the distinction of having the written word and the blessing of the priest carries with it no special badge of honor; it is suggestive only of another poor man gone wrong and a grasping padre a few pesos richer. It is a much easier matter for a man to select his companionable partner and set up housekeeping in a new wickiup under the banana-trees without more ado.

A legal marriage by license has less in it which meets approval in the native mind than that performed by a church functionary, for the padre might always save them from hell, while the nation's sanction is absolutely a barefaced robbery. General Grant one day gave hearing to a much-agitated man who stated that the priest would not marry him to the woman he loved without excessive fees, and he prayed that his Excellency would order the erring father to marry him at a rate commensurate with the size of his pocket-book. The general sorrowfully told him that he could not pretend to interfere with the Church rulings, even though his sympathies were aroused, and suggested he be content with the legal form which met all the lawful needs of our own country, and pay the small fee to the civil authorities. The man glared at him and disappeared: the manifest cupidity of American officials was beyond his power to express in words.

It is to be remarked that there is little quarrelling among these people paired by nature's approval, and that their relations, while not the acme of conventional modesty and virtue, are, on the whole, constant. A belief has arisen in the American mind that virtue as known to us has no existence among the poorer classes of Puerto Rico. It should be remembered that wretchedness, poverty, and



PEASANT HOMES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A COCK-FIGHT ON THE TRAIL.

oppressive rulers beget as an offspring abject humanity with no great sense of moral honor. After admitting that this is true, it may still be said that fidelity and devotion between the couples so paired are universally seen among these black-eyed, soft-voiced peons of our new island, and it is not to be believed that an excessive amount of immorality exists.

Chronic diseases are common, engendered by bad diet, total lack of sanitary measures, and an almost equal shortage in personal cleanliness. Among the distressing evils is elephantiasis, said by some to be a pseudo-leprosy. It begins by an enlargement of one or both ankle-joints, then of the toes, until finally the entire lower extremities are involved, and the toes and feet slough off. Fortunately most of these sufferers die before the frightfully acute stages are reached. It is a common thing to see men and women limping slowly and feebly on limbs twelve inches in diameter. It is said that nothing but death can relieve them.

Goiters are a prevalent neck-wear among many, and it is not uncommon to see men and women decorated with a hugh bunch as large as an orange behind their ears.

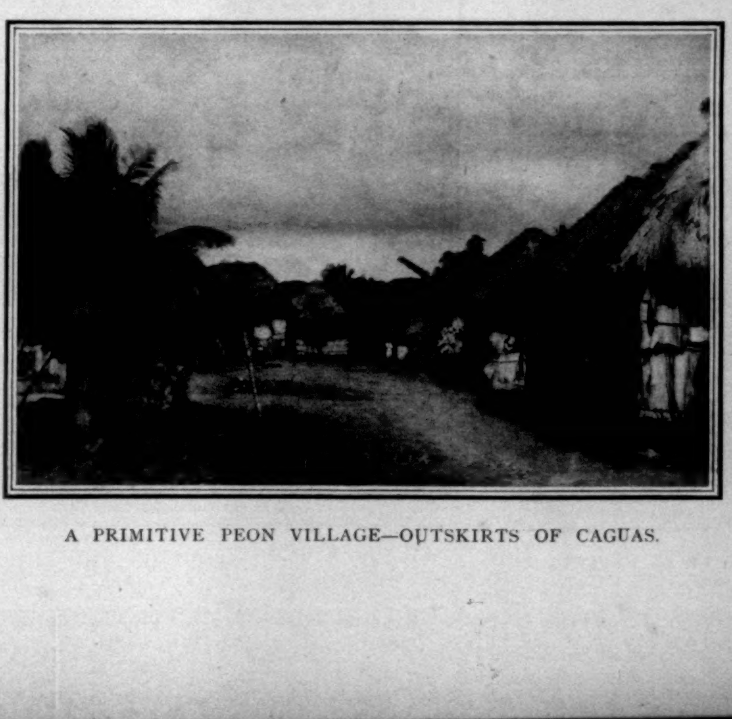
Anæmic malaria is a constant skeleton seen weakly shambling in a thin shroud of dead-white skin. Great numbers die from this manifestation of chronic malarial poisoning. Quinine, which battles successfully against this disease, is an unreachable luxury to the poor. It has been put by Spanish import duties a dozen times higher in price than in the United States.

Blindness is seen often; only a very small percentage of the population may suffer from this malady, but it is impressed on the mind everywhere in travelling the roads, for the blind beggars seem to have quite regular sentry posts, from which they plead in gesture alone for a centavo.

There are many other diseases prevalent among the poor, but these will be touched upon in connection with other features of the island.

After a long day's toil (it might as well be, perhaps, after a day of lazy dozing, but the Puerto-Ricans work when they can) the women plod home in the dying sunlight with swaying hips and stiff necks, carrying, balanced on their heads, huge bundles of damp clothes washed in the near-by river, which they throw in an empty corner of the hut for to-morrow's ironing. They laboriously blow the fleeting spark of a carefully smouldered fire into a bright glowing flame, and prepare the frugal meal for the family. The tiny light sparkles in the falling darkness on the hill-side, and welcomes the home-coming of a barefooted, ragged, cotton-apparelled husband, who wearily climbs the narrow winding pathway, with far more picturesque effect than does the ruddy glow of a conventional hearth-stone within a luxurious home.

Preference in the choice of life is a materialistic problem and another story, but this is a picture which, for some subtle reason explained by people who look inward, appeals most strongly to the emotions and sentiments and ideas of those who see the beautiful in the primitive.



A PRIMITIVE PEON VILLAGE—OUTSKIRTS OF CAGUAS.

The little children are already creeping into the house to lie down in odd corners for a night of dreamless slumber, clasping some morsel of food, to be eaten or not, depending on the speed of descending Morpheus.

Somewhere out among the huts the thrum of the home-made, soft-toned guitar beats out a half-Spanish, half-Indian air; now it changes to a new rendition of the music of "After the Ball." A second instrument takes it up, and then a new sound strikes the ear. In quality it is between the rattle of a snake and the pit-a-patting of a clever shuffle-dancer on a sanded floor. The instrument is called a guida (wee'da), and is made from the great curved-necked gourd, the music being produced by passing a bit of wire from an umbrella frame (how the primitive and civilized are mingled!) up and down a series of notches cut from end to end on the outside curve of the gourd. There is some amplitude to the instrument, for by playing higher or lower on the narrowing shell some difference in tone is gained.

But there is a third cadence in the music. It is a drum, beaten for all the world like the drum made by the Papago and Yaqui Indians of Sonora Desert in Mexico, only the peevish, fretful cries of a dying infant take the place of the wail of a coyote out in the moonlit cacti. It is of the same size and shape—three inches high, a foot in diameter—but not so crude; except that the Puerto-Rican drum does not require to have the heads warmed in front of a fire before it will give forth sound, they are the same.

The music is weird as it is wafted on the night air, and the scene of dancing which takes place later in a bare patch in front of a hut in the flickering light of a wavering torch is fantastic in the extreme. The dance has a slow and melancholy step, and they shuffle round and round with a slight bending of the knee which keeps the body bobbing, and yet they enjoy it. The funereal processions of slow waltzing affected by some enfeebled Americans is the nearest approach one can make to comparison.

This is the chief innocent amusement of the people who live in the country, in the campos. They cannot read, and have not the printed page if they could. Reading books is not a habit of the people of the island of Puerto Rico. The little monarchical printed sheets laboring under the name of daily papers are read assiduously by the men of the cultivated classes, but at five centavos are an expensive luxury to a man who earns but fifty a day.

The men—the young fellows especially—all gamble with an abandon which would do credit to a seasoned gamester and higher stakes. A species of shell game is most fashionable, as the paraphernalia costs nothing, and an anxious, eager circle, sitting on their heels, will imperil one another's balance to see who guessed the right cover. All of a centavo or two is wagered, stakes that are large in proportion to their earnings.

The life of the poor people in the towns is less simple and more vicious, just as it is with us. The men—and the women too, for that matter—become drunk on rum. They fight in the streets and kill each other now and then. There is less virtue in this class, and a great propensity for small pilfering. Beyond the fact that the cash received for labor is less than in our great cities, that here a poor man can go to the country and eat fruit, and that no great metropolitan centres exist where vice is hidden from the eye, there is small difference between their sins and those of our own desperately poor class. In fact, in the weighing it could be shown that the advantage lies with the Puerto-Rican, in that he does not get drunk as often as a vicious American. He is less profane and less apt to do desperate deeds. He is a mild criminal at his worst, not dominated, apparently, by the fierce, cruel, stealthy passions of his Spanish kindred, and not nearly so bad as the burly, fearless, vicious ruffian of American cities. The preponderance in numbers of the abjectly poor over the better class has led to an oft-expressed opinion in our American papers that the Puerto-Ricans as a people are devoid of moral instincts, vicious, degraded, and lazy. It is not true as a generalization. They are, measured by the majority, good workers, for folk of simple mind, when labor presents itself. They are abstemious, with few exceptions, and do not paint the town red. Their moral instincts are not of the highest; but they much excel our bad classes in moral feeling. Immorality exists, but there are no seething seas of indecency.

DOOR-YARD SCENE AT A PEASANT'S HOUSE.

The Puerto-Rican is not an anarchist or an insurrectionist, because he knows no other life, and does not starve or grow cold, while the burdens of oppression are his birthright, handed down for centuries. He is, then, in spite of his wretchedness, dirt, and poverty as we see it, a fairly contented man; and while it may take a long time to mould this man, representing the majority, into a self-respecting, useful, enfranchised citizen of the United States, it can be done, for the reasons that he is docile, obliging, appreciative of favors, and, best of all, he possesses an inbred courtesy and politeness and an equability of temperament which permit him readily to absorb new ideas.

The American nation has been to him in the past the cradle-word of all that is just and grand and righteous; and, if we do not abuse our power, Puerto Rico may be made a twentieth-century Garden of Eden, in which the native, trained in new methods of freedom, may, for the first time in three centuries, enjoy the sweets of liberty.

The Anarchist

FROM out her golden palace Fortune thrust
A maddened dog, whose mouth foamed white with hate;
And loud he howled, and gnawed the court-yard dust,
And ground his teeth upon the iron gate.

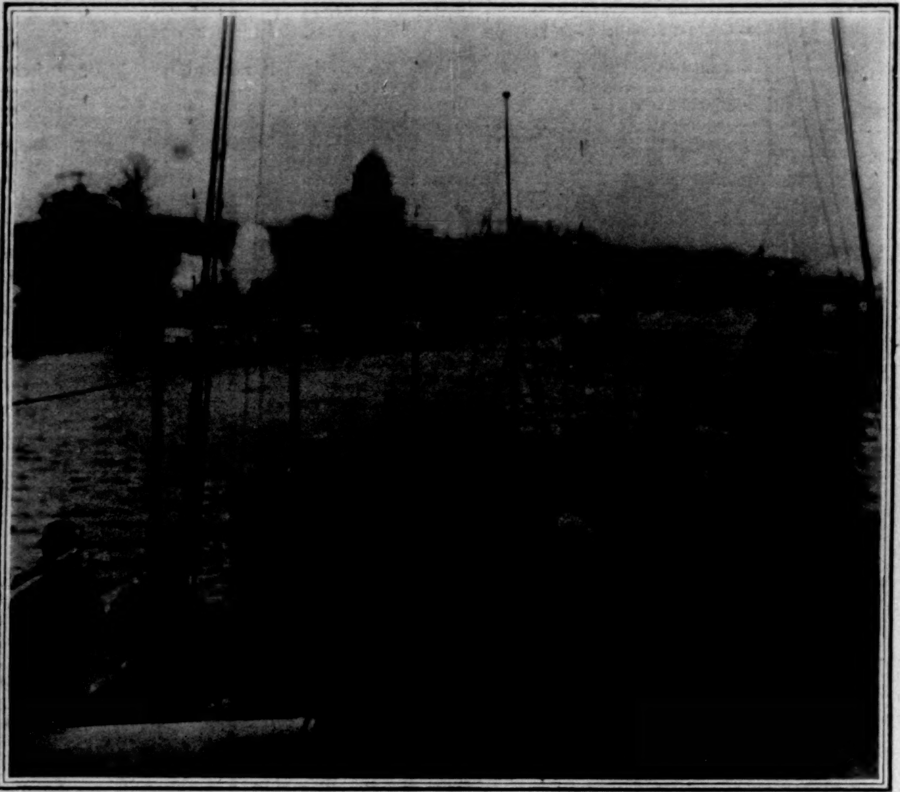
Arthur J. Stringer.

The Jacksonian Epoch

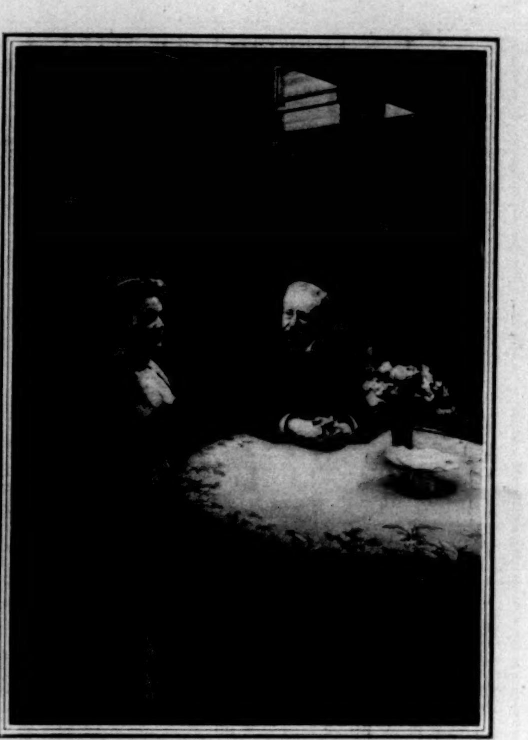
"THE Jacksonian Epoch," by Mr. Charles H. Peck, which is published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most important as well as one of the most interesting books on American politics that have appeared in this day so fruitful in books on the American government. Mr. Peck's book is, in fact, an account of the conflict of forces which resulted in the establishment of the modern Democracy, with its virtues and its evils. Jackson represented the new times and the new men, and therefore the book is properly entitled *The Jacksonian Epoch*. The reader, however, will find in the book much more about Clay than about Jackson, because Clay was Jackson's great antagonist, and the war which he maintained upon Jackson in the Senate and in partisan conflict was the great obvious and active fact of the time. The book is a history of that contest which ended in the downfall of Clay and in the establishment of the modern Democratic party and the spoils system. The author has done his work with skill and fidelity, and the book is marked by energy of style, and is distinguished by a vigor and certainty of opinion which are attractive and convincing.

Mr. Peck has undertaken, in his own words, "to combine and symmetrize" both general history and biography, in order, as he says, "to present a true and lifelike picture of a most animated political effort." The book opens with the Whig censure of Jackson for his conduct of the Seminole war, and especially for his execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. This was the beginning of the feud between Clay and Jackson. The story then reverts to the troubles arising from the maritime aggressions of England and France, the war of 1812, and concludes with the succession of John Tyler to the Presidency.

One of the most important and interesting parts of the book is the account of the struggles over the tariff policy, internal improvements, and the United States Bank; and the political student will find in this history of these events a good deal of food for reflection over the conduct of parties and party leaders. The conclusion seems almost inevitable that all of these material issues count for nothing with either party, and that one party or the other is now on one side and now on the other, according as it sees the necessities of its immediate situation. The style is admirable.

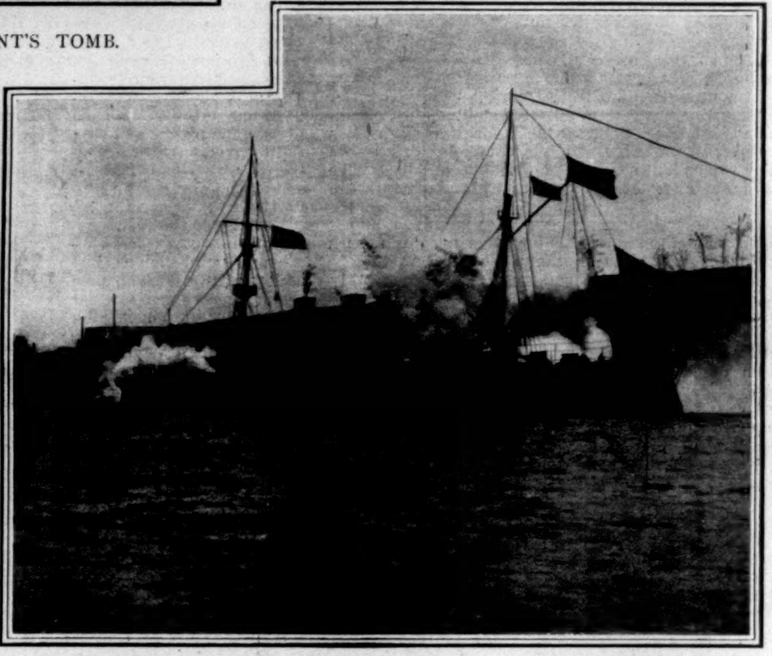


ABOARD THE "RALEIGH"—PASSING GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB.

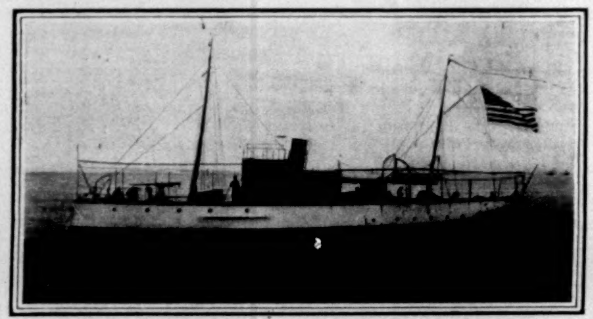


CAPTAIN COGHLAN AND MRS. COGHLAN IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

THE GUN-CAPTAIN WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT AT MANILA, AND THE GUN FROM WHICH IT WAS FIRED.



THE "RALEIGH" FIRING THE FIRST GUN OF THE SALUTE AT GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB.



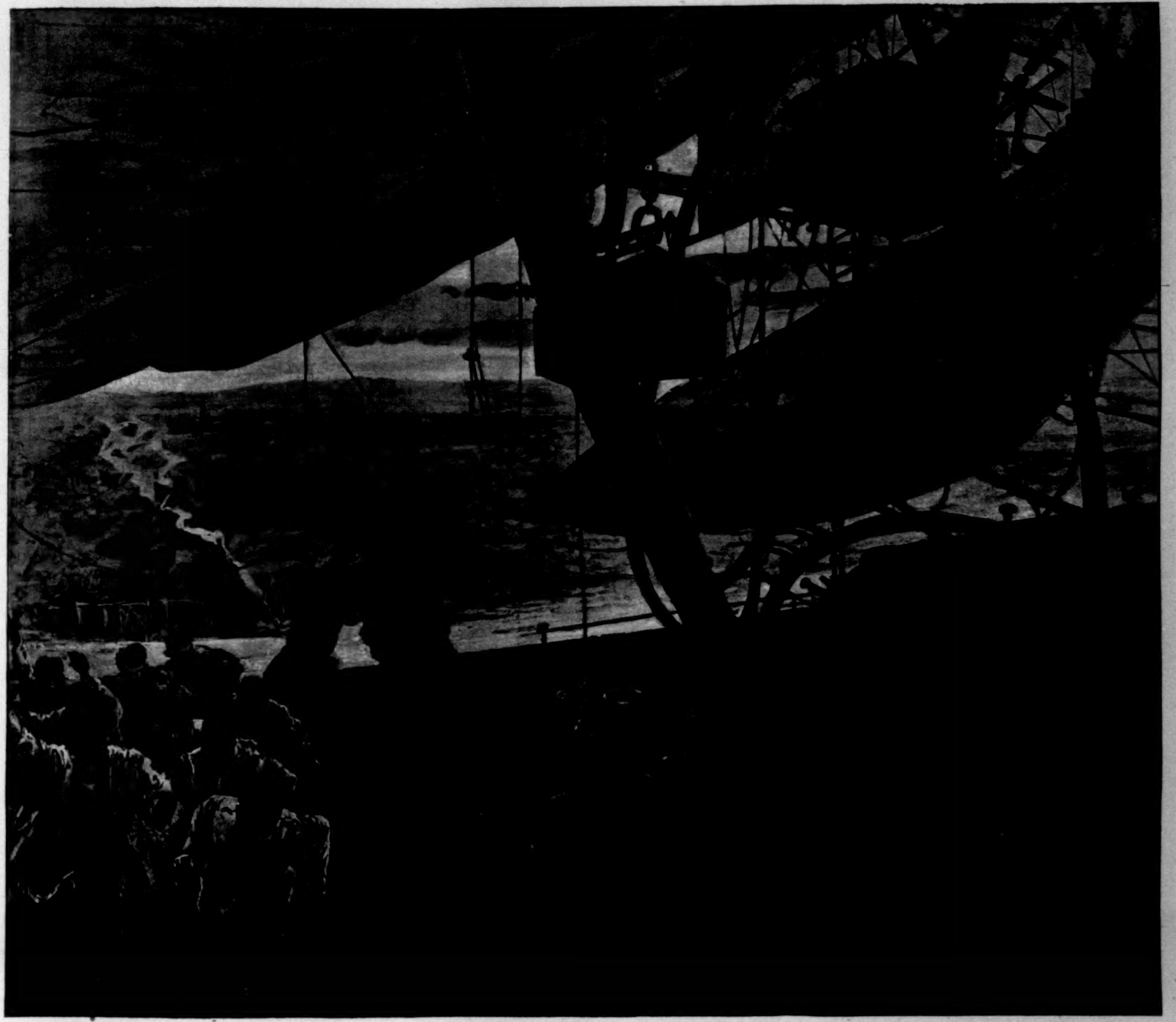
U. S. S. "SANDOVAL"—CAPTURED FROM THE SPANIARDS.

ABOARD THE "RALEIGH"—GUN FROM CAPTURED SPANISH GUNBOAT.

Capt. Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. N., Commanding.

GROUP OF THE SHIP'S OFFICERS.

THE ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK OF THE U. S. S. "RALEIGH"—THE FIRST VESSEL OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S VICTORIOUS FLEET TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.—[See Page 421.]



WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES.* *By H. G. Wells*

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHILE THE AEROPLANES WERE COMING.

ALL through the short winter afternoon the fight for the flying-stages went on. The first great movement of the people had been upon the Council House, an undisciplined convergence, without order, and in many cases without weapons, to clamor in astonished anger for the Master. The leaders and elected officers of the clubs and secret societies and sections knew no more than the common people of the state of affairs, and conceiving that the Sleeper was privy to Ostrog's designs, had made no organized attempts at revolt until Graham's reappearance and the escape of Ostrog. Then, however, the extraordinary tactical conditions of the struggle came to light, in the ease and rapidity with which the people were returned to their wards and factories, and marshalled there in their companies.

The people in the southwestern wards of the city were the first in order, the first in motion towards the stages. They were perhaps the most homogeneous section of the workers. The director of their council of ward leaders was an Ostrogite, but he had so organized these subordinates that they were already accustomed to meet and consult. They gathered their people methodically, in exactly the sections and meeting-places that had served for the Revolt of the Awakening. They placed their masses upon the ways, section by section, employing even in its details the order Ostrog had devised, and they were already pouring up through the galleries, and ascending ways beneath the Roehampton stage, before there was a hand raised to stop them. Then abruptly they were in collision with the details of the Ostrogites, hastening all too late to their posts, and the battle was joined. And men grappled and died a hundred feet above the ground, where once the free air had blown over the tree-tops of Putney Hill.

The force Ostrog found at his disposal was smaller than he had counted upon, and he had hesitated whether to hold the Roehampton stage. The suddenness, the expertness, with which the Labor serfs had repeated the lesson he had taught them had done much to disorganize his designs. There were tens of thousands of people in the city that afternoon, officials, traders, aeronauts off duty, wind-vane policemen, members of the disbanded red police, wealthy shareholders and managers, footmen, pleasure-dealers, aristocratic-minded people of various stations in life, who realized the seriousness of the uprising too late, who would have joined him had they dared to emerge from their chambers and rooms to attempt the journey of the public ways. As it was, he had the bulk of the aeronauts with him, the aeropile company attendants, almost a thousand of the yellow Labor police, several thousands of the wind-vane police, engineers whom he had concentrated at the stages overnight when the popular behavior became threatening, and a disorderly multitude of several thousands of public officials and gentlemen, volubly loyal to the existing social order, but not remarkably efficient. There were arms for all these people, but no ordered discipline for their concerted action, and when the levies of the Southwestern Labor Societies were marching into the warren beneath the Roehampton stage, the bulk of Ostrogites were still crowded and still imperfectly organized in the passages and halls of the basement below the central stages.

Ostrog, after his escape, had wasted a certain amount of time in telephonic communication with the flying-stages of Paris and Berlin, only to learn that the news of the London rising had fired both these cities; that there the news from London roused the Labor serfs, and that in each the supporters of the existing order could scarcely hold their own for long unless re-enforcements arrived. He immediately sent urgent messages for help to Say, Wadelai, Kimberley, and Stanley Falls, pressing the officers of the Consolidated African Companies to accelerate their despatch of the promised negro brigades. Even as he did this, news of the attack on the Roehampton stage reached him.

The struggle for Roehampton lasted two hours. There was a temporary indecision on the part of the Ostrogites, a doubt how far the revolt had reached, and in that time the swarming blue canvas held the ends of the communicating ways and luggage slides. In spite of the distraction of a considerable proportion of their number in sacking the shops and houses of refreshment, a multitude of laborers were already pouring out among the sub-stage pillars and girders, and clambering up the staircase to the stage itself, before Ostrog appeared on the next stage—the stage called Wimbledon. He saw at once that to attempt a recapture through the communicating ways was at present beyond his strength, and so the little band of Ostrogites in Roehampton were left to hold out as long as they could. He launched an aeropile to their assistance. It was speedily disabled. A chance shot from the roof spaces near killed the aeronaut as the machine was circling low, and it came down ingloriously athwart the Roehampton stage, killing an Ostrogite in its descent.

And now the Labor Societies of Central and East London were in motion. Ostrog's ineffectual aeropile was still upon its carrier, when the attenuated sounds of a nearer struggle, the roar and tumult of the fight that was beginning in the ways beneath the Streatham stage, came filtering up through a sponge of lifts, passages, and chambers to the ears of the aeronauts. A strange and unprecedented contest it was, fought out of sight of sky or sun, under the electric glare; fought out in a vast confusion by multitudes untrained in arms, led chiefly by acclamation—multitudes dulled by mindless labor and enervated by the tradition of two hundred years of servile security against multitudes demoralized by lives of privilege and sensuous indulgence. They had no artillery, no differentiation into this force or that; the only weapon on either side was the little green metal carbine, whose secret manufacture and sudden distribution in enormous quantities had been one of Ostrog's most brilliant moves against the Council. Few had had any experience with this weapon; many had never discharged one; many who carried it came unprovided with ammunition. Never was wilder firing in the history of warfare. It was a battle of amateurs, a hideous experimental warfare—armed rioters fighting armed rioters; armed rioters swept forward by the words and fury of a song, by the tramping sympathy of their numbers, pouring in countless myriads towards the smaller ways, the disabled lifts, the galleries slippery with blood, the halls and passages choked with smoke beneath the flying-stages, to learn there, when retreat was hopeless, the ancient mysteries of warfare. Of all that happened out of sight of the sky through that terrible afternoon, when the soft clay of latter-day manhood went through the long-disused furnace of war, no history can be written. Here down a slant way poured a host in the final degradation of panic; here, amidst the darkness of smashed electric cables and the broken débris of once seductive shops, men who had never seen one another grappled in the death-struggle; here the blind fury of massacre wreaked itself on some wretched traders, caught between the combatants among their commerce, and hiding in vain; here masses of fomile aimlessly exploded, or exploding accidentally, ripped and smashed, and opened huge pits of darkness; and here men who had been but a week ago the dull drudges of machines fought grimly, steadily, intelligently, changed suddenly to heroes.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

And while this fight went on, the two people whom fate had thrust to the central point of the struggle remained together in a little room opening into the Hall of the Atlas. Graham, glowing at first with the emotion of his eloquence, had proposed to lead the people in person, but the man in yellow had dissuaded him. There was no possibility of leading them effectually, he insisted—the battle was a fight in a warren; each passage, each lift, had its own leaders, its own tide of success and failure, and here he was needed against the coming of the aeroplanes. Ever and again there was news of these, drawing nearer, from this Mediterranean post and then that, and presently from the south of France. There was, indeed, a perpetual coming and going with messages. But of the new guns that were known to be in the city, in spite of Graham's urgency, came no news, nor any report of successes from the dense belt of fighting strands about the flying-stages. Section after section of the Labor Societies reported itself assembled, reported itself marching, and vanished from knowledge into the labyrinth of that warfare. What was happening? Even the wind-vane leader did not know. In spite of the opening and closing of doors, the hasty messengers, the ringing of bells, and the perpetual clitter-clack of recording implements, Graham felt isolated, strangely inactive, inoperative. Indeed, there was nothing to be done now, until those guns were found, or the people won a footing on the flying-stages, or the aeroplanes arrived. But it oppressed him that nothing was to be done; inactive, he feared the slackening of his will, the return of his doubts, the rediscovery of his inadequacy.

Their intercourse was broken by countless interruptions, yet in the intervals they talked with a strange intimacy, touching on many matters. At first their mind was one of exalted confidence; a great pride possessed them—a pride in one another for the greatness of the issues they had challenged. But slowly uneasy intimations of a coming defeat touched Graham's spirits. At first he had walked the room eloquent with the solidarity and destiny of humanity, the providential nature of her intervention. There was an interval of fruitless inquiries, and then Graham recurred to the wonder of his sleep—spoke of the little life of his memories, remote, yet minute and clear, like something seen through an inverted opera-glass; of all the brief play of desires and errors that had made his life. He spoke more freely to her than he had ever done to any human being. She said little, but the emotion in her face followed the tones in his voice, and it seemed to him he had at last a perfect understanding. "And through it all this destiny was before me," he said, "this vast inheritance of which I did not dream." Insensibly his heroic preoccupation with the revolutionary struggle passed to the question of their relationship. He began to question her. She told him of the days before his awakening; of the girlish dreams that had given a bias to her life; of the incredulous emotions his awakening had aroused. She told him, too, of a tragic circumstance of her girlhood, that had darkened her life, quickened her sense of injustice, and opened her heart prematurely to the wider sorrows of the world.

There came messengers to tell that great aeroplanes were rushing between the sky and Avignon, coming Londonward in a mighty fleet. He went to the crystal dial on the corner, and assured himself that the thing was so. He consulted a map to measure the distances of Avignon, Arawan, and London. He made swift calculations. He went out to the ward leaders to ask for news of the fight for the stages—and there was none. After a time he came back to his pacing.

His face had changed. His consciousness had been occupied with the coming of a battle, with a long contest opening. Now it was dawning upon him that the struggle had already lasted more than an hour, was perhaps more than half over; that the arrival of the aeroplanes would mean a panic that might leave him helpless. A sombre disillusionment crept into his mind, a revived conviction of inadequate faith in the cause he had undertaken. But she gave no signs of doubt for all the shadow of his news, and he feared her astonishment more than all the fears within him.

Presently came the report of the aeroplanes from Vichy, and soon they were over Orleans. . . . Then they were passing Paris, and still the people under the flying-stages fought, as it seemed, in vain.

"It may be," he said, "that we shall never rule. We gain no ground, and the time goes by. But we have done the great thing—we have raised the banner of Humanity again, and all the world has heard us. That was our chief duty."

"That was our duty," she said.

He looked at her, envying the assurance of her virginal enthusiasm.

"The end may be near," he said. "The end may be near. The people make no headway, the aeroplanes are swift, and my use to Ostrog is at an end. I knew little. I acted in haste. My little empire of the world is about over. But I have known you—that is the great thing now. I have known you, and I am content."

She put her hand to her throat. "Content?" she said. "Have we not done right? Have you not given your message? I would not change—" She stopped; she was smiling—her white lips smiling, and her eyes were triumphant.

And suddenly came the man in yellow again, with wonderful news. "Victory!" he cried. "Victory! The people are winning. Suddenly Ostrog's people have collapsed."

She rose. "Victory!" she cried, with a thrill in her voice.

"What do you mean?" asked Graham.

"We have driven them out of the under galleries at Norwood. Streatham is afire, and Roehampton is ours—and an aeropile that lay thereon. The people win!"

Suddenly it seemed to Graham that Helen was human again. Their hearts were beating; they looked at each other. For one last moment there gleamed on Graham his dream of empire, of kingship with Helen by his side. It gleamed—and faded.

A shrill bell rang. An agitated gray-haired man appeared from the room of the ward leaders. "It is all over," he cried. "This victory comes too late. The aeroplanes are crossing the Channel even now. They have seen the first of them at Beachy Head."

"Beachy Head!" said the man in yellow. He calculated swiftly. "Half an hour."

"Yes," said Graham, "it is too late."

"If only we could stop them another hour!" cried the man in yellow.

"Nothing can stop them now," said the old ward leader.

"Another hour?" asked Graham.

"We have found those guns. If once we could get them out upon the roof spaces—"

"Too late," cried the man in yellow—"too late."

"Is it too late?" said Graham. "Even now— An hour!"

He had suddenly perceived a terrible opportunity. "There is one chance. Did you say there was an aeropile captured?"

"On the Roehampton stage, sire."

"That indeed might give us time."

Graham's face was white with the thought that had come to him. He glanced at the two men and then at Helen. He spoke after a long pause:

"We have no aeronauts?"

"None."

"The thing might be done," he said. "The thing could be done. These aeroplanes are clumsy."

He turned suddenly to Helen. His decision was made. "I must go."

"Where?"

"To the flying-stage—to this aeropile."

"What do you mean?"

"I am an aeronaut. After all— These days are not altogether wasted."

"What do you mean?"

"This aeropile. It is a chance."

"You don't mean—"

"To fight—yes. To fight in the air. I have thought before— An aeroplane is a clumsy thing. A resolute man—"

With a gleam of triumph Graham saw the change in her face.

"But never, since flying began—" cried the man in yellow.

"There has been no need. But now the time has come."

Helen made a step towards him. Her face, too, was white. "But— How can one fight? You will be killed!"

"Perhaps. Yet not to do it—or to let some one else attempt it—"

He stopped; he could speak no more; he swept the alternative aside by a gesture, and they stood looking at each other. Their faces saw things their lips could never utter. For a moment her humanitarian inhumanity was swept aside. For an instant she was elemental woman pleading against that danger with all her being. For an instant there was nothing for her in the world but the man who stood before her. And then that moment of self-discovery had passed.

"You are right," she said, in a low tone. "You are right. You must go."

He moved a step towards her, but she stood motionless. He did not dare to touch her. Her white face struggled against him, resisted him. "Go," she whispered—"go." He turned quickly and walked out of the little room. The man in yellow hesitated and hurried after him. . . .

At first he could not look back. Then he looked back, and saw her far off, pale and steadfast, with her hands clinched by her side. For an instant he could have cried aloud at the folly of this separation. He set his teeth and looked back no more. "It will be easier to die," he told himself. "God knows I am no king. If I die she will believe in me until the end."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COMING OF THE AEROPLANES.

TWO men in pale blue were lying in the irregular line that stretched along the edge of the captured Roehampton stage from end to end, grasping their carbines and peering into the shadows of the stage called Wimbledon Park. Now and then they spoke to each other. They spoke the mutilated English of the class and time. The fire of the Ostrogites had dwindled and ceased, and few of the enemy had been seen for some time. But the echoes of the fight that was going on now far below, in the lower galleries of that stage, came every now and then between the staccato of shots from the popular side. One of these men was describing to the other how he had seen a man down below there dodge behind a girder, and had aimed, at a guess, and hit him cleanly as he dodged too far. "He's down there still," said the marksman. "See that little patch. Yes. Between those bars." A few yards behind them lay a dead stranger, face upward to the sky, with the blue canvas of his jacket smouldering in a circle about the neat bullet-hole on his chest. Close beside him a wounded man, with a leg swathed about, sat with an expressionless face and watched the progress of that burning. Athwart that carrier lay the captured aeropile.

"I can't see him *now*," said the second man, in a tone of provocation.

The marksman became foul-mouthed and high-voiced in his endeavor to make things plain. Suddenly, interrupting him, came a noisy shouting from the sub-stage.

"What's going on now?" he said, and raised himself on one arm to stare at the stair-heads in the central groove of the stage. A number of blue figures were coming up there, and swarming across the stage to the aeropile.

"We don't want all these fools," said his friend. "They only crowd up and spoil shots. What are they after?"

"'Ssh!—they're shouting something."

The two men listened. The swarming new-comers were shouting something about the aeropile. Three ward leaders, conspicuous by their black mantles and badges, clambered into the body and appeared above it. The rank and file flung themselves upon the vanes, gripping hold of the edges, until the entire outline of the thing was manned, in some places three deep. One of the marksmen knelt up. "They're putting it on the carrier—that's what they're after."

He rose to his feet; his friend rose also. "What's the good?" said his friend. "We've got no aeronauts."

"That's what they're doing, anyhow." He looked at his rifle, looked at the struggling crowd, and suddenly turned to the wounded man. "Mind these, mate," he said, handing his carbine and cartridge-belt; and in a moment he was running toward the aeropile. For a quarter of an hour he was a perspiring Titan, lugging, thrusting, shouting and heeding shouts, and then the thing was done, and he stood with a multitude of others cheering their own achievement. By this time he knew, what every one in the city knew, that the Master, raw learner though he was, intended to fly this machine himself—was coming even now to take control of it. And even as he cheered, and while the beads of sweat still chased one another from the disorder of his hair, he heard the thunder of a greater tumult, and in fitful snatches the beat and impulse of the revolutionary song. He saw, through a gap in the people, that a thick stream of heads still poured up the stairways. "The Master is coming," shouted voices—"the Master is coming!" and the crowd about him grew denser and denser. He began to thrust himself towards the central groove. "The Master is coming!" "The Sleeper, the Master!" "God and the Master!" roared the growing storm of shouts.

And suddenly quite close to him were the black uniforms of the revolutionary guard, and for the first and last time in his life he saw Graham—saw him quite nearly. A tall, dark man in a flowing black robe, with a white, resolute face, and eyes fixed steadfastly before him; a man who for all the little things about him had neither ears nor eyes nor thoughts. For all his days he remembered the passing of that bloodless face. In a moment it had gone, and he was fighting in the swaying crowd. A lad screaming with terror thrust against him, pressing towards the stairways, yelling, "Clear for the aeropile!" The bell that clears the flying-stage began a disorderly clanging.

With that clanging in his ears Graham drew near the aeropile, marched into the shadow of its tilting wing. He became aware that a number of people about him were offering to accompany him, and waved their offers aside. He wanted to think how one started the engine. The bell clanged faster and faster, and the feet of the retreating people roared faster and louder. The man in yellow was assisting him to mount through the ribs of the body. He clambered into the aeronaut's place, fixing himself very carefully and deliberately. What was it? The man in yellow was pointing to two aeropiles driving upward in the southern sky. That—presently; the thing to do now was to start. Things were being shouted at him—questions, warnings. They bothered him. He wanted to think about the aeropile, to recall every item of his previous experience. He waved the people from him; saw the man in yellow dropping off through the ribs; saw the crowd cleft down the line of the girders by his gesture.

For a moment he was motionless, staring at the levers, the wheel by which the engine shifted, and all the delicate appliances of which he knew so little. His eye caught a spirit-level with the bulb towards him, and he spent a dozen seconds in swinging the engine forward, until the bubble floated in the centre of the tube. He noticed the people were not shouting; knew they watched his deliberation. A bullet smashed on the bar above his head. Who fired? Was the line clear of people? He stood up to see, and sat down again.

In another second the propeller was spinning, and he was rushing down the guides. He gripped the wheel and swung the engine back to lift the stem. Then it was the people shouted. In a moment he was throbbing with the quiver of the engine, and the shouts dwindled behind. The wind whistled over the edges of the screen, and the world sank away from him very swiftly.

Throb, throb, throb—throb, throb, throb; up he drove. He fancied himself free of all excitement; felt cool and deliberate. He lifted the stem still more, opened one valve on his left wing, and swept round and up. He looked down with a steady head, and up. One of the Ostrogite aeropiles was driving across his course, so that he drove obliquely towards it, and would pass below it at a steep angle. Its little aeronauts were peering down at him. What did they mean to do? One held a weapon pointing, seemed prepared to fire. What did they think he meant to do? In a moment he understood their tactics, and his resolution was taken. He opened two more valves to his left, swung round, end on to this hostile machine, closed his valves, and shot straight at it, stem and wind-screen shielding him from the shot. They tilted a little, as if to clear him. He flung up his stem.

Throb, throb, throb—pause—throb, throb—he set his teeth, contorted his face into an involuntary grimace, and—crash! He struck it! He struck upward beneath the nearer wing. Slowly the wing of his antagonist seemed to broaden as the impetus of his blow turned it up.

He felt his stem going down; his hands tightened on the levers, whirled and rammed the engine back. He felt the jerk of a clearance, the nose of the machine jerked upward steeply, and for a moment he was helpless on his back. A vast bulk, as it seemed, had fallen from under him. He made a huge effort, hung for a moment on the levers, and slowly the engine came forward again. He drove upward, but no longer so steeply. He gasped for a moment, and flung himself at the levers again. The wind whistled about him. One further effort and he was almost level. He could breathe. He turned his head for the first time to see what had become of his antagonists. Turned back to the levers for a moment, and looked again. For a moment he could have believed that they were annihilated. And then he saw between the two stages to the east was a chasm, and down this something, a slender edge, fell swiftly and vanished, as a sixpence falls down a crack.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*In Trench and Gunboat*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

IN THE TRENCHES

March 9, 1899.

FOR a time we extended our lines as far as the town of Pasig, where the river starts out of the Laguna de Bay, but we soon withdrew to San Pedro Macati, because the length of our line was already so great that we could not spare men to hold Pasig. After our withdrawal the insurgents celebrated a great victory, though in fact not an insurgent was in sight or a shot fired when we voluntarily abandoned the place. The most heavy firing, therefore, at any point about our lines has occurred at San Pedro, which the insurgents believe to be our weak point. The nature of the fighting seems at present unprofitable, for we lose a few men daily and we gain no ground.

There are two other points where the fighting has been more or less continuous during the past weeks. One of these is the water-works, where we have to defend a line of water-conduits, which runs four miles beyond our main cordon about the city and ends at the pumping-station at Santolan. There we have four guns to cover the broad valley of the San Mateo River. Below the pumping-station in the valley was the town of Mariquina, now burned. About this town the insurgents hovered, annoying our outposts. One skirmish that took place at the north of the road leading to the water-works is worth noting because it shows the nature of the Filipino. Some of our guards along the road noticed three white flags stuck up before a clump of rocks. A squad of men went out to see what these white flags meant. The squad was met by a heavy ambush fire when it approached the white flag. Noting its danger, Colonel Stotsenburgh took out a battalion of the Nebraska troops to rescue it. The insurgents held a rocky ridge, and Colonel Stotsenburgh sent two companies against this strong position. He himself led a company around to the right of the enemy's position to flank them. He even took a squad of men through the wood back of the enemy, and by firing into them killed eight and dislodged the rest, who fled behind a hedge. Again driven from this place, the enemy scattered, and, like most Filipino bands whenever disintegrated, vanished as if in air.

There have been two small engagements on the extreme right of General Hale's brigade—one on February 19, the other on March 7. Both these engagements were intended to clear the woods next to the Pasig River, where the insurgents gathered in small bands and harassed the left of General King's brigade—now General Wheaton's. Our line on the north of the city meets the Pasig at a point some distance back of the left wing of General Wheaton's brigade, on the south of the river; General Wheaton's flank is therefore exposed to a constant fire from small bands of insurgents across the river. The reason why General Hale's right has not been advanced is because there is no good place along the river for our lines to meet on each bank without making so great an advance that our lines, already thin, would be vulnerable at several points. In other words, our line is at present about as long as the number of soldiers at our command will allow of. On February 19 Colonel Stotsenburgh took a battalion of the Nebraska regiment, with two guns of the Utah artillery. With this force he swung in from the pumping-station towards the Pasig River. His object was to shut the insurgents in the strip of woods along the Pasig and drive them down upon our main line, where the Wyoming regiment was waiting to give them a warm reception. The purpose of this expedition failed, for when once engaged in the woods, apparently driving an unseen enemy, who fired from the brush and then disappeared, the Nebraska regiment was suddenly attacked in the rear by a force of insurgents coming from the town of Pasig to reenforce their comrades. Thus taken unawares, Colonel Stotsenburgh wheeled, and drove the insurgents in his rear out towards the valley of the San Mateo. These particular insurgents seemed inclined to make a stubborn resistance. At one point, where our men had to go up a hill after them, the voices of the insurgent officers could be heard urging their men to charge. A few insurgents actually started down hill towards us, but these few were quickly disposed of. The rapid movement of even light artillery was found impossible in the jungle. One needs the experience to understand the demoralizing effect of getting caught in a thorn thicket, with bullets whipping through the bamboo, and bursting the joints with an explosion like the crack of a rifle. On such an occasion it is almost impossible to tell which way the bullets come from. The Mauser makes no smoke or flash, and as a few sharpshooters always get in our rear, there is often difficulty in locating the direction of the main body of the enemy. Yesterday another engagement took place at this same spot. Our line advanced a mile, but withdrew again to its old position. In this last affair we lost three officers wounded, two men killed and several wounded, while only two wounded of the enemy were found.

It looks as if the insurgents were learning to keep out of range of our old sixteenth-century Springfield rifles ("smoke wagons," the soldiers call them), and still make us suffer with their long-distance Mauser fire.

New-comers in Manila keep asking where the blame lies for this outbreak. Is the responsibility, alike for American and Filipino deaths, with our government or with the leaders of the Filipino people? At such a time as this it is difficult for a good American not to throw the blame on Aguinaldo and his followers. The American army has done so well that one feels like overlooking the past. Although the true cause does not lie within the scope of any generalization, but rather in a multitude of small detached facts, still I believe that the fundamental reason for our present fight lies in an unrestrained race antipathy. Americans differ so absolutely in mind, body, and soul from Filipinos that the two could not live together in harmony under the then existing conditions. First among these conditions was an American and a Filipino volunteer force, both more or less undisciplined, and longing to jump at each other's throats; and secondly, a want of any consistent policy in our government. Moreover, both American and Filipino leaders have been so provincial in their point of view that at no time during the military occupation of Manila has the least good feeling existed between the American and Filipino governments. We have ignored Aguinaldo and his followers in so far as it is possible to ignore an army which for months has been encircling Manila in a peaceful siege. Aguinaldo has stuck out through thick and thin for the independence of his people. Instead of getting what he wanted, he received the hard and fast declaration of our President that the islands were American property, that the army would proceed to take possession of them, and that any one resisting our authority would be suppressed by force of arms. Since this manifesto was issued there has been no hope of a peaceful settlement.

The bone of contention is the sovereignty of the islands. It is said that the Filipinos will not be able to establish a good government, but the same argument would apply to many of our own communities at home, which have wretched local self-government. Much as one may dislike the native—and I must say that I have never met with a more unlovable people—it is important occasionally to get his point of view. No doubt the government which the natives would establish would not please the Anglo-Saxon, but would it not be good enough for the natives themselves?

The natives soon learned to dislike us. We plastered the town from end to end with beer and whiskey advertisements. And so far Americans who have followed the army have put their time and money into saloons. No other business attracts them. According to native standards, the American soldier has been rough and tyrannical, while from our point of view the natives have been tricky and dishonest. The extreme East and the extreme West have learned to hate each other. The importance of these things is great as indicating what the future has in store. The immediate cause of the outbreak was that the insurgent officers and soldiers, being under less control than our men, became so hostile and insulting that we had either to fight or to leave the islands. The outbreak was hastened and made inevitable by the unsettled state of public opinion in the United States, the absence of any fixed policy in Washington, and the consequent contradictory and restricting orders on our local government in Manila. The fact of the matter is that the policy of ignoring the insurgents completely has had its origin in Washington. It reminds one of the ultra-idealistic philosopher who ignored the hard and fast world of environment, and while absorbed in thought bumped his head against a stone wall. The insurgent government is here, and must be dealt with.

Formerly we might have compromised with them; now we must crush them. There are a few men of education and ability who are managing the insurrection; the rest of the army follows blindly, misled by false reports about our cruelty, and they look upon us now as a species of ogre. We have fallen heir to the hatred which the natives felt for the Spaniards, and the same stories are told about us that were told about our predecessors.

The Spaniards and the priests have done what they could to make trouble by circulating false reports in both camps. These reports have been believed by the insurgents, and in many instances by our own officers. The Spaniards are jubilant over the present state of affairs. One of them said to me:

"I speak to you as a Spaniard and an enemy of the United States. If fifty insurgents are killed, good; if the insurgents kill one hundred Americans, better; if the Americans in turn kill two hundred insurgents, best of all."

A NIGHT ON THE GUNBOAT "LAGUNA DE BAY"

"When the moon rises, the gunboat is going to work up the Pasig," came the message.

The major and I were only too glad to see the "American tinclad," as the soldiers call her, at work, and we started with alacrity for San Pedro Macati, where we expected to find her. It is a long and lonely road from town to San Pedro. When one gets beyond the barracks of the Washington regiment in Paco the way is unguarded, and seems to stretch out indefinitely through lonely rice-fields and burned huts. It was very dark, and one felt the possibility, from moment to moment, that a stray native with a bolo might jump from any bush. So we drew our revolvers and watched the darkness with expectant eyes.

"Halt!" cried the sentinel, as we entered San Pedro. "Who goes there?"

"Friends," we answered, with pardonable eagerness; for in these times, when in doubt, our guards shoot.

"Advance one friend and be recognized."

The major climbed out of our little bobbing two-wheeled cart and advanced towards the sentry, who eyed him suspiciously, with rifle half raised, until the major came well within the circle of light given off by a smoky lantern.

Once past the sentry, we came to a little deserted square. A few lights in the houses threw their rays into the surrounding darkness. Every light not necessary was put out, so as not to draw the enemy's fire. A few stray horses and carriages hugged the lee walls of the houses. Occasionally a bullet swished through the square, and suddenly came to the end of its whistling course with a thud against a wall or a clatter through a tin roof. Down a street which leads from headquarters to our lines, one hundred yards ahead, the shots came with unpleasant frequency. Across it we rushed, to the great amusement of the sentry at headquarters, who had his back against the safe side of a pillar. At General Wheaton's headquarters we were informed that the "tinclad" was not yet up-river—in fact, was still at Santa Ana, but would be along in about an hour. The major proposed to pass the time by having a look about the place. Now it was pitch-dark outside, and it was beyond me why the major wanted to "look about" just because the bullets were flying promiscuously, when he never could have been induced, under ordinary safe conditions, to leave his comfortable chair and his glass of toddy, to wander about the blind alleys of a tumble-down and ruined village like San Pedro Macati. For once in my life I suspected the major of being one of those *fin de siècle* decadents who craved the excitement of seeing how near they could come to a Mauser bullet and still miss it. However much the knees of his inner consciousness may shake, it would never do for a war correspondent to show the white feather. His bread-and-butter depends on appearing to love the hiss of bullets and the shriek of shrapnel. Consoling myself with the thought of the Maréchal de Turenne, who, in some battle, when his attention was called to the fact that his knees were shaking, remarked, "Yes, and they would shake still more if they knew where they were going to take me," I reluctantly followed the major.

Luckily there was a lull in the shooting as we crossed the square and climbed a hill to the old church of San Pedro. Inside of it a company of the Iowa regiment was quartered. It was as if a picture of the Franco-Prussian war, such as one sees in French galleries, had come to life in the Philippines. The altar and the crucifix still stood intact. About the floor, on heaps of straw, our soldiers lay, wrapped in their blankets. Rifles were stacked in one corner. Over this scene the uncertain glimmer of dim lanterns threw a mystic light, and a faint odor of incense still hung about the place.

After a few whispered words with the officer in command, who brought us back to ordinary life by eagerly inquiring about the next mail from home, we wandered on to the old church-yard. Once high walls surrounded it; now they have been torn down to build embrasures about our batteries and low redoubts, behind which groups of sleeping soldiers lay. So dark was the night that one had to get close to see that the men of the battery—as if even in sleep they did not wish to desert their iron mistress—were curled up under and about the guns. The officers, knowing that something was brewing, walked uneasily up and down. We moved on down the line, and at last came to the beginning of the trenches, which run in a continuous line for five miles from San Pedro Macati, through Pasay, to the sea. Indistinctly one could see the men in the trenches—some of them curled up in blankets, sleeping, others smoking. The officers back of the line were seated in little groups, chatting. We joined the group of the battalion-commander, and discussed the constellations of the southern sky, politics at home, Philippine tobacco—anything but the prospective fight.

Beyond, out towards the enemy, everything was blackness. We knew that there were two lines of our sentries ahead, but could not see half-way to the first pickets. Suddenly three rifles crashed and flashed just ahead. The officers scattered to their companies. The men in the trenches rustled about. One could hear the click of their locks as they made sure that their rifles were in order.

"Steady, men!" came the sharp order; "the first line is coming in."

Sure enough, from the distance we heard the sound of running steps, and a moment later blurred figures came tumbling out of the darkness.

"Where is Company C?" shouted one of the figures.

"This way!" called his comrades in the trenches.

One of the outposts, in his eagerness to get back, fell over a mound in the rice-field. A suppressed laugh ran along the line. The men were all impatience, and leaning over the trenches, fingered their rifles.

"Steady. Wait for the guard," came the second caution.

Our outer line of pickets had been driven in, but the main guard still remained out to make sure that the enemy were really at hand. A minute passed in uncertainty; then a dozen more shots rang out in the night, and our guard came running in. Bullets began to sing above our heads, and we lay close in the trenches.

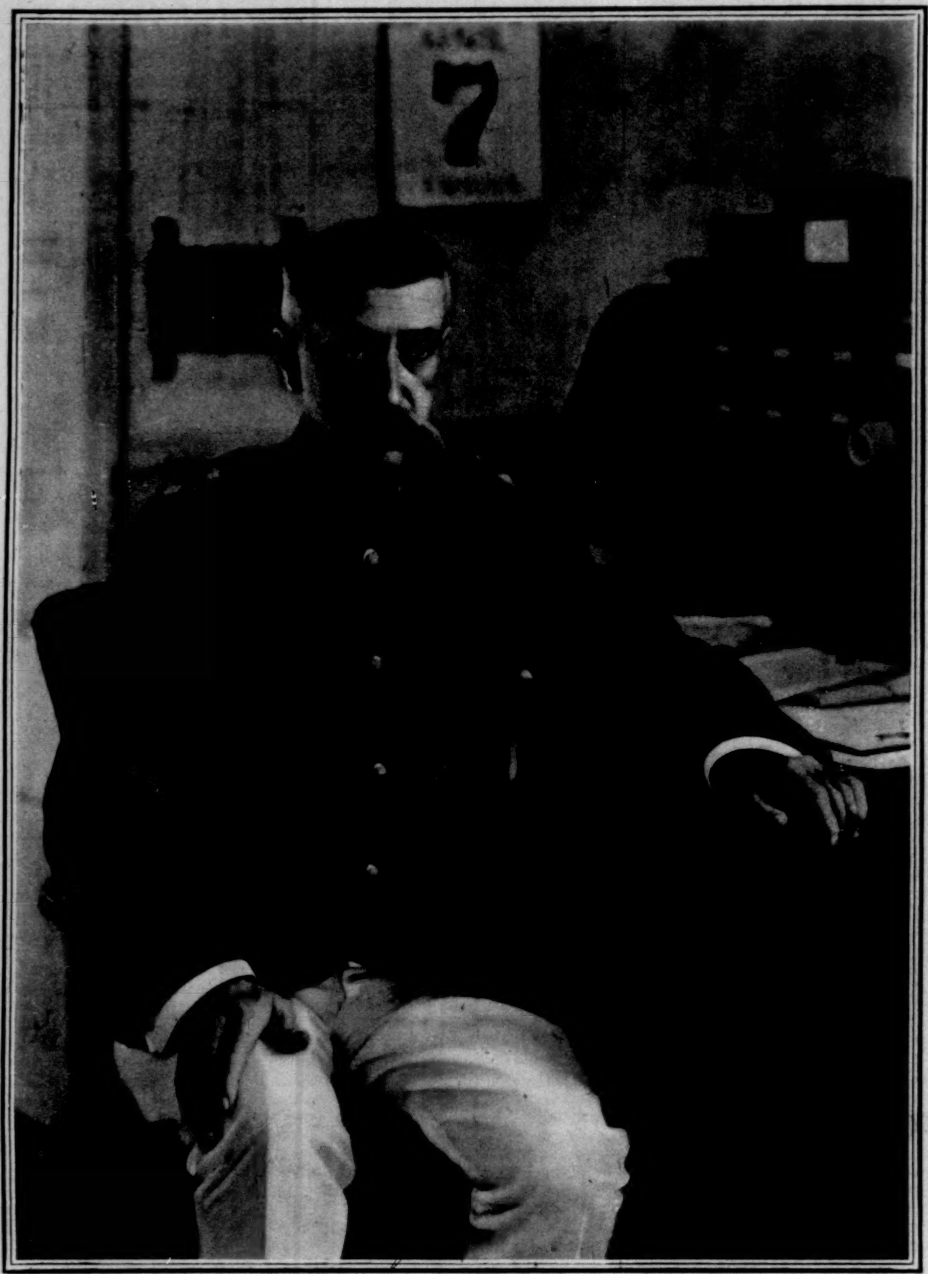
"This platoon, one volley at eight hundred yards!" ordered the captain. "Load!" The rifles clicked. "Aim!" A moment of suspense. "Fire!" And the volley crashed down the line.

"Smith," said the watchful lieutenant to one of his men, "you are always behind. Brace up!"

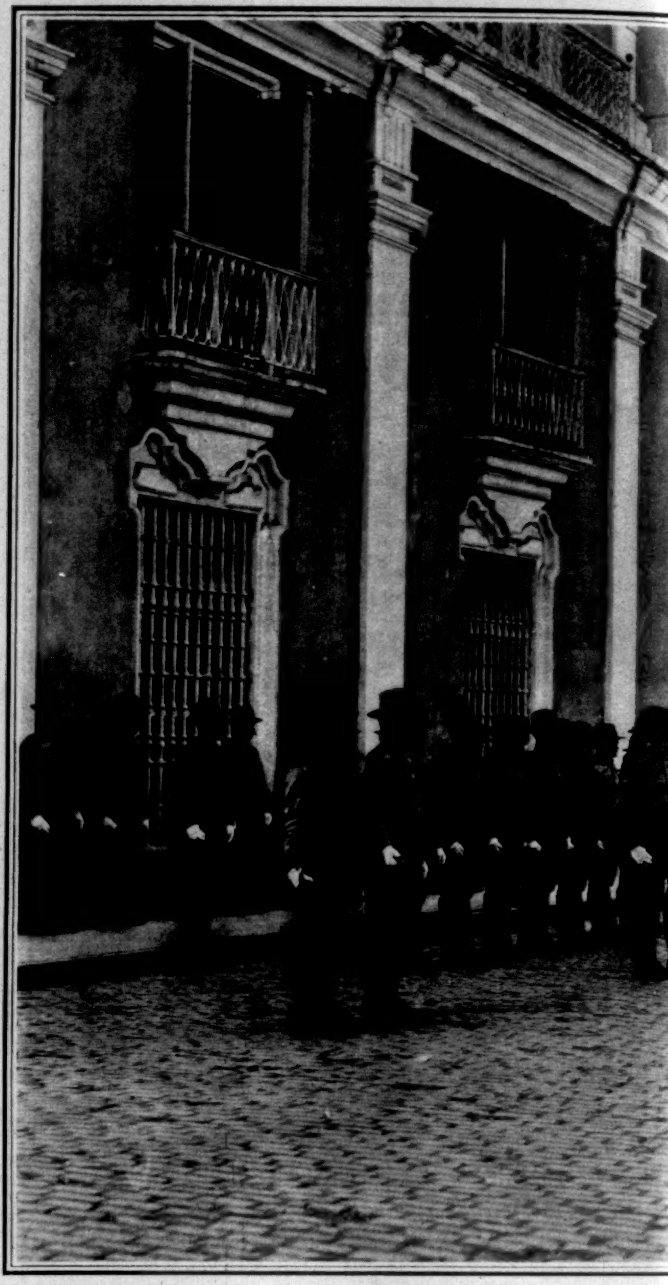
There was no necessity, however, for another volley. Evidently the small band of insurgents who had come out to reconnoitre had withdrawn. There was again quiet, and we went back to headquarters, to find that the "tinclad" was tied to the opposite bank of the Pasig, waiting for the moon to rise, when she would move up river to clear out the front of our lines, where bands of insurgent sharpshooters had approached too near and were worrying our men. A boat was waiting to take us across the river, where Captain Grant of the Utah battery B, in command of the gunboat, received us heartily.

The tinclad *Laguna de Bay* is an old flat-bottomed steamer drawing two and one-half feet of water, bought by the United States and fitted up to patrol the Pasig River. Her lower deck is open, but has been protected with two thicknesses of iron or steel plates about four and a half feet high. The lower deck is armed in the bow with two 8-inch navy guns with recoil cylinders, and aft with one Hotchkiss gun on the upper deck. In front of the smoke-stack is an improvised turret, protected in the same way as the lower deck. Here the pilot stands. At each of the four corners of this turret are revolving Gatling guns. Besides the gunners there are about thirty soldiers armed with rifles, who man the sides of the lower deck, to pick off any insurgents who have the temerity to approach the river-bank while the gunboat is in action.

At Guadalupe church, about half a mile beyond our lines, the insurgents had been seen towards sunset throwing up intrenchments on a ridge, as if preparatory to placing a gun. The expectation was that when the moon rose the insurgents would begin work again on these earthworks. The "tinclad" was to move up river about a quarter of a mile. Her big guns would throw shrapnel over the men working on the intrenchments, and the

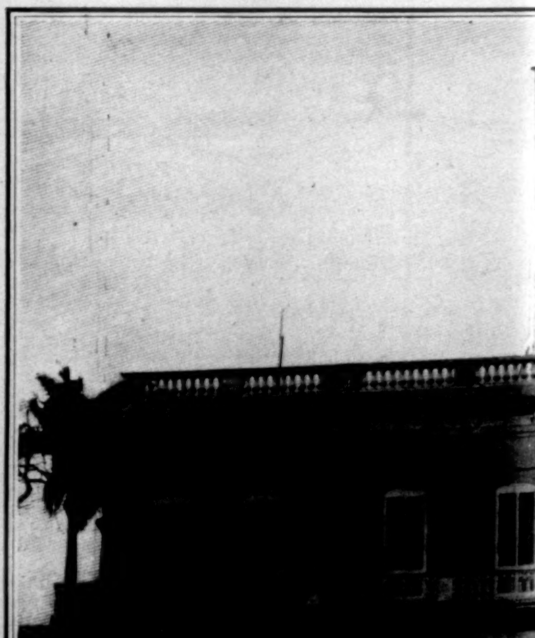


MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW, U.S.V., MILITARY GOVERNOR OF THE CITY OF HAVANA.



A BATTERY OF THE 2D U. S. ARTILLERY AT

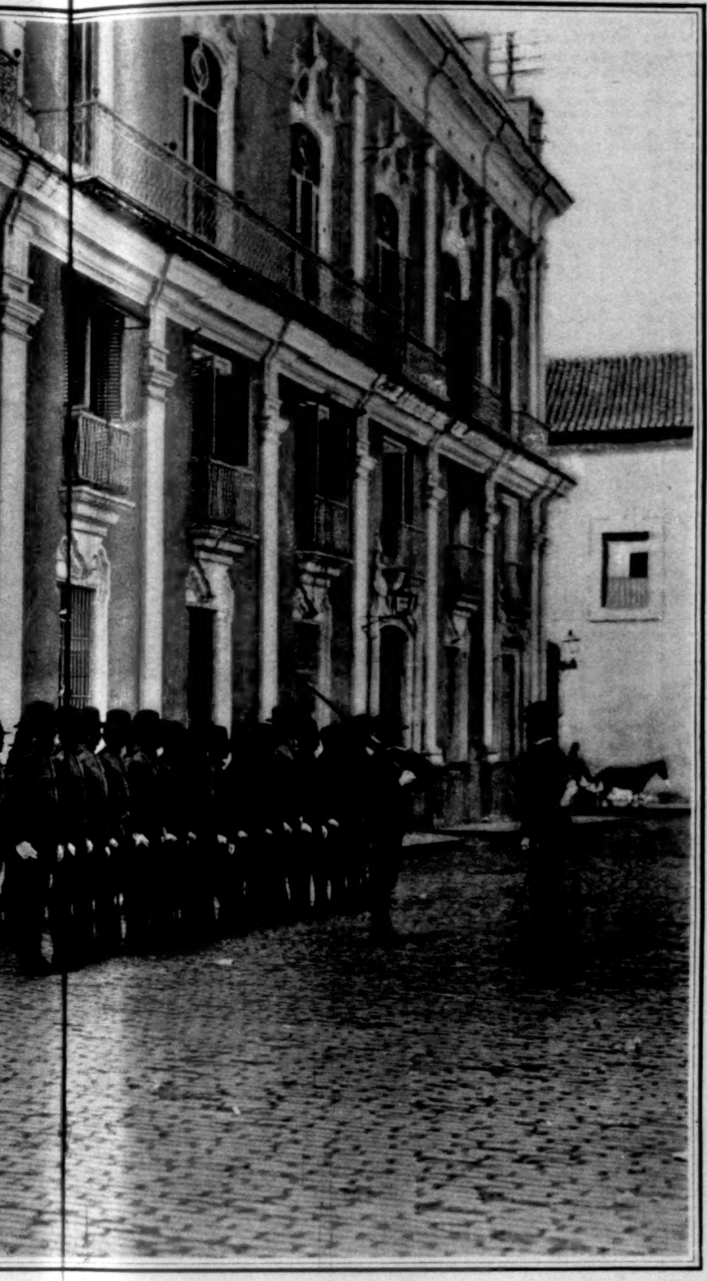
DRAWING-ROOM, GENERAL LUDLOW'S RESIDENCE.



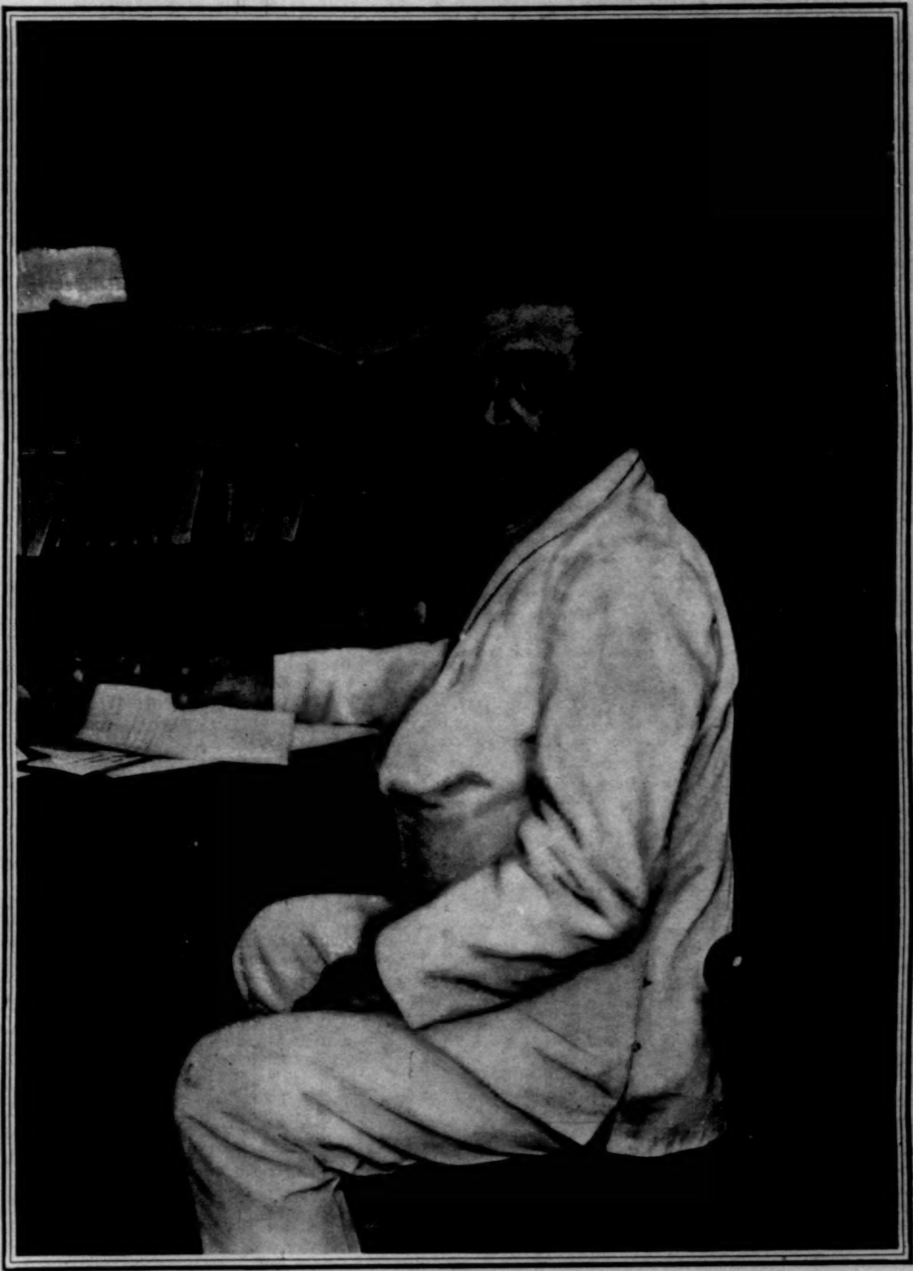
GENERAL LUDLOW'S HEADQ

HAVANA—THE AMERICAN OFFICERS IN CHARGE IN

Photographs by James Burton, Special Phot

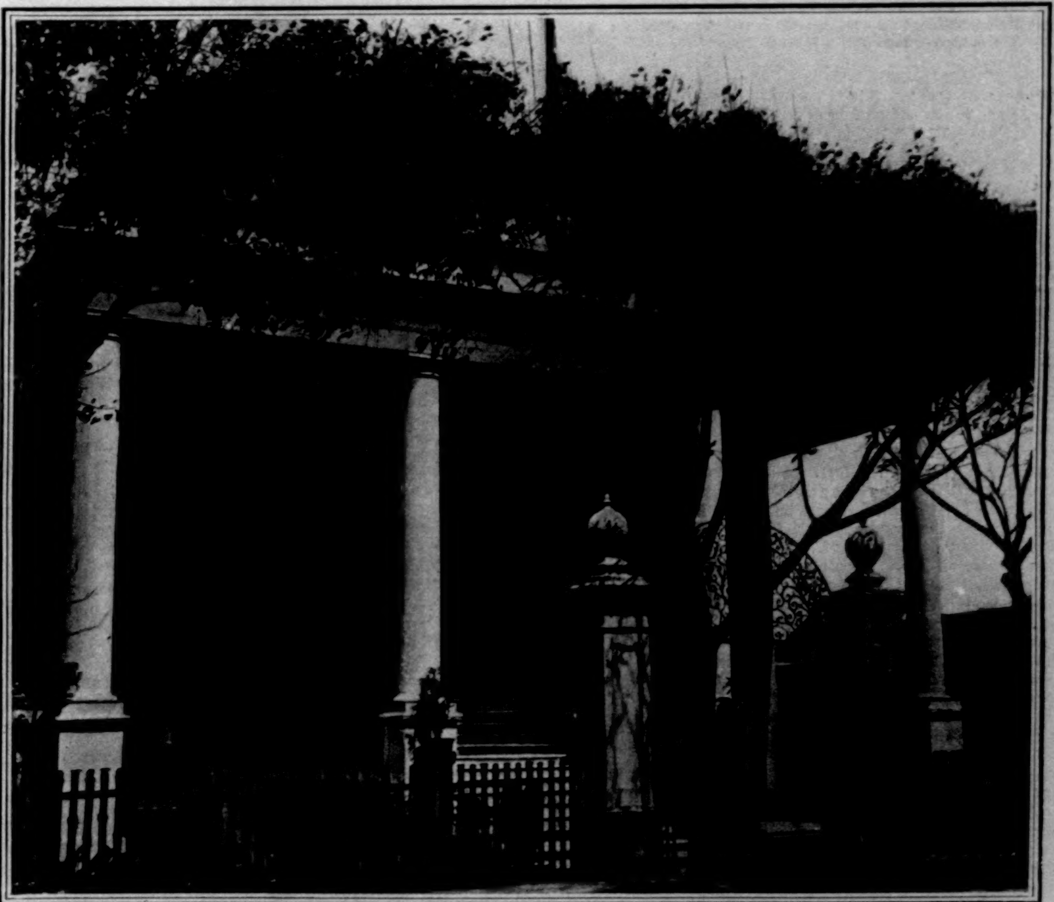


AT GUARD MOUNT, CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U.S.A., MILITARY GOVERNOR OF CUBA, AT HIS HEADQUARTERS.

EADQUARTERS AND RESIDENCE.



THE TROCHA HOTEL, VEDADO—GENERAL BROOKE'S HEADQUARTERS.

IN THE CAPITAL, AND THEIR OFFICIAL RESIDENCES.

PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.

Gatlings would sprinkle with bullets the woods where the insurgent sharpshooters were located.

When we arrived on board the *Laguna de Bay* all the men were sleeping about the deck; for so severe is the work now that our soldiers are glad to get a little rest whenever they can snatch it.

We sat on the upper deck, and, smoking, watched eagerly for the moon to rise. She came at last, like a great disk of gold shining through the slender bamboo-trees, and starting the waters of the river into a glittering dance. Now we could see the long graceful branches overhanging the water and the dense masses of the forest. On an elevation a mile up river the towers of Guadalupe church stood out in distinct outline. The soft air of the southern night was stirring gently. Such a night as this was meant for the music of guitars and the sweet voices of pretty mestizas, but not for the strident hissing of bullets and shell.

Captain Grant could not be moved by the æsthetic unfitness of things. He watched the moon rise until it was well up in the heavens; then he called his men to general quarters. There was a great hurrying about the deck, rolling up of blankets, getting out ammunition—all the preliminaries of the coming engagement. At last everything was ready, and the *Laguna de Bay* slowly swung into the middle of the river, and, staggering under her unaccustomed burden of guns and armor, headed up stream. The signal for a general fusillade was to be the discharge of one of the navy guns on the lower deck.

As at night the best place for seeing what could be seen of the engagement was in the turret with the Gatling guns, we took our station there and awaited the signal. Slowly the steamer advanced between the wooded banks of the river, glistening with moonlight, yet indistinct with heavy shadows. We passed our own lines running down to the river's edge, a distinct line of freshly heaped shining stones, and then a mass of jungle with fallen trees and barricades, heaped up by the insurgents to prevent any advance on our part. Then came the insurgents' first line of defence. We could distinguish no figures, but knew that the enemy was there, from the occasional crack of a rifle. Just above this line we backed water. Our forward gun was fired. Every one watched for the explosion of the shell, which followed almost immediately, and, from the flash, we judged that the shrapnel had not gone far from the mark. Then the gunners in the turret, beginning their work, turned the handles of the Gatling guns, and a continuous flame played from their barrels. As the gunners swung them this way and that, it was as if a hose was streaming fire instead of water on the surrounding woods. The guns boomed; the shells hissed. Then we remembered the doctor's directions to put cotton in our ears, keep our mouths open, and stand on our toes. The din was awful, shaking the iron plates all around the deck like a gigantic storm behind the scenes of a Bowery melodrama. Below, it was a regular pandemonium, like being shut up in a barrel with a bunch of exploding giant firecrackers.

At first one did not notice the return fire of the enemy; but soon, becoming accustomed to the incessant thunder, we noticed bullets striking against the protecting plates of our gunboat. One bullet, coming through the porthole of a gun, struck the barrel and glanced into the hand of one of the gunners. This man's name is Michael Shea, but his comrades now call him "Rico-chet."

For three-quarters of an hour our little boat hurled incessant lead at hill and wood, until we became convinced that not even a grasshopper could escape under such a fire. Then slowly we drew down river, and each man threw himself upon his blanket and slept. As the night mists whitened over the river and the sun gloriously rose blood red through the mists, the corporal by my side stood up, stretched his brawny arms, and facing the glowing east, exclaimed, to my great surprise:

> "Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
> The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
> Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
> The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light!"

The Taking of Cebu

BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

CEBU, ISLAND OF CEBU, P. I., *February 25, 1899.*

AT daylight Sunday morning the *Petrel* left Ilo Ilo for Manila, carrying despatches to Admiral Dewey and General Otis.

The *Petrel* returned to Ilo Ilo Saturday night, February 18. The next day it was decided to send the *Petrel* to Cebu, and she sailed from Ilo Ilo at daylight Monday morning, taking with her a small tug, which was to return with despatches in case the town was occupied. The *Petrel* arrived at Cebu about eleven o'clock Tuesday morning, February 21, finding the *Kaiserin Augusta* and *Pigmy* in the harbor. The whole town, as well as the craft in the harbor, was plastered with English and German flags. The only Filipino flag to be seen was the one flying on the fort. The *Petrel* anchored four hundred yards from the fort and within six hundred yards of the whole water-front, the beach being circular.

Immediately after anchoring, Captain Greene of the *Pigmy*, accompanied by Mr. Sidebottom, the British vice-consul, came on board to call on the commanding officer. Afterwards they went ashore to have a talk with the insurgent leaders. During their visit we learned that the insurgents had only 100 rifles, and that when we were seen coming in the insurgent leaders sent for the tribesmen, who are armed with spears. They declined to return to the town, though a few hours before the town was full of them.

In the afternoon eight of the leading insurgents came off to confer with Captain Cornwell. Their great fear seemed to be that we would treat them as the Spanish did—line them up and shoot them. They also seemed very desirous of keeping their arms. The captain assured them as well as he could, telling them that, so far from harming them, he intended that they should remain in charge of the government, only he was to have general charge, appointing the collector of customs and the captain of the port. They were given until eight o'clock the next morning to decide whether they would give up the town peaceably or stand a bombardment.

Every one felt that they would surrender, as it is only a year ago that there was an insurrection here and the Spanish bombarded the town. The evidences of it are still visible along the water-front. The foreigners feared that the hill-men would come in that night and attempt to sack and burn the town, so the *Petrel* had a landing-party all ready. This threat might have been carried out, but two Filipino priests secured all the coal-oil in town, and have had it under lock and key ever since, for which they deserve the thanks of the community, as well as our own.

That night the natives held a conference. The military part of the government were very much opposed to surrendering, but were finally prevailed upon that it was best. The next morning, the 22d, shortly after eight o'clock, the insurgent representative, Señor Mejia, came off with the British vice-consul, bringing a formal written surrender of the town.

The following is a translation of the surrender, which is certainly a unique document, and though couched in flowery language, has some very good points, as showing the native's point of view:

FILIPINO REPUBLIC,
PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT, CEBU, P. I.

In view of the verbal intimation given by the commanding officer of the U. S. S. *Petrel* of the U. S. squadron to this government, demanding the surrender of the garrison and city of Cebu, to be accompanied by the hoisting of the American flag, in the peremptory time of fourteen hours, the Assembly, convened for its consideration, and the members of which are representatives of all the vital forces of the country, agreed unanimously to accede to the said demand in view of the superiority of the American forces; but without omitting to point out that neither the government of this province nor any of the inhabitants thereof have the power to conclude decisive acts prohibited by the Honorable President of the Filipino Republic, Señor Emilio Aguinaldo, our legitimate ruler, recognized as such by virtue of his indisputable capabilities of just government, illustrious generalship, and universal suffrage.

Sad and painful is the situation of this city, without means of defence, and obliged to act contrary to its own convictions; in view of which it declares before the whole world that the occupation of this town is not based on any of the laws which form the code of civilized nations, which could hardly expect to behold such scenes at the end of a century called the enlightened one.

We are told of conquests, of protectorates, of cessions made by the Spaniards, as if the archipelago, and especially our souls, were merchandise subject to barter, when a single soul is worth more than a thousand worlds of that metal called vile, perhaps for the reason that it fascinates as the eyes of a serpent.

But be that as it may; of all this the commanding officer must treat, as already stated, with Señor Aguinaldo, without whose acquiescence the act which is demanded from this government cannot be legal.

A copy of this manifesto will be given to each of the consular agencies established in this city, the greatest possible publicity will be given it, and we will communicate with Señor Aguinaldo, remitting him a copy of this document.

Given in Cebu, this 22d February, 1899.

[Signed] LUIZ FLORES,
The Commander-in-Chief.

Immediately after the surrender, a company of blue-jackets was landed, under command of Lieutenant Bull, and at 9.56 the American flag was hoisted over the fort, the Filipino flag having been hauled down that morning. The *Petrel* fired a national salute, being the first salute the *Petrel* has fired during this commission, as she is not a saluting ship; but the day and occasion had to be honored, though it is to be doubted if Washington would have approved of what was done on his birthday. Since the surrender everything has been quiet, though there have been fears of trouble from the military heroes, who are very turbulent and not yet pacified. The chief general has been captured and confined by the Filipinos, so there is no likelihood of an uprising.

Captain Cornwell has assumed charge of the government, being assisted by the old government, the men forming it consenting to remain until our military authorities arrive; Lieutenant Plunkett has been appointed Captain of the Port, and Lieutenant Parker Collector of Customs—a position that has so far been a sinecure, as there is nothing to collect. When the Spanish evacuated the town, they turned over everything to one man, but there was only fourteen dollars in the treasury, and the insurgents had spent that when we took charge.

To-day fifty men arrived by steamer from the *Boston*, so that we are amply capable of quelling any disturbance that may arise before the army arrives.

LONDON

April 8, 1899.

THE Easter holidays afford the majority of the people an opportunity for fresh air and exercise. They also give the occasion for conferences where papers are read and resolutions discussed by those whose stern sense of duty leads them to take their pleasure in this way. It seems a perverted view of enjoyment, but this Eastertide both the Socialists and the Irish have held conferences which have given the world something to think of. The Socialist conference at Leeds was something entirely new. It was a meeting of men and women who have been elected as Socialist and Labor members of the various public administrative bodies throughout the country. About one hundred delegates met under the presidency of Mr. Sidney Webb, whose record as one of the most thoughtful of English Socialists, and as the husband of Beatrice Potter, daughter of the founder of the Cobden Club, herself one of the leading authorities on women's questions and industrial problems, invested his presidential address with special interest. Mr. Sidney Webb is a member of the London County Council, and has had twenty years' experience of public life. Differing from his colleague Mr. John Burns, who once said that no public official living was worth more to the community than $2500 a year, Mr. Webb declared that the hardest-worked officials were usually those at the top, and he proceeded to argue in favor of high pay for high officials. This invasion of common-sense is a new departure in the general tone of Socialist thought, and it formed the key-note of the discussion. Education, old-age pensions, municipalization of the drink traffic, and the provision of public hospitals were all subjects discussed in reasonable fashion. Even ten years ago English Socialism was of the windy, street-corner variety. The views expounded at the Socialistic conference the other day were undoubtedly extreme, but they are views which are propounded by many who would never dream of calling themselves Socialists. In regard to education, for example, the Socialists say that they wish to open up the line of university education for clever boys, but that university education is by no means a desirable end in itself for the whole population. Nearly four hundred years ago John Knox said very much the same thing, and he was no Socialist. Similar moderation was apparent in regard to the other subjects dealt with.

THE true explanation of the change in the tone of English Socialism is that people who are engaged in administrative work quickly discover that the frothy speculations of discontented and academic minds are incapable of translation into practical form while human nature remains what it is. Socialists in Parliament or on the County Councils seem to have learnt by their experience of administration that such projects as the nationalization of the land and other instruments of production, or the revaluation of silver coin, are visions impossible of realization for the next century or two. The management of a large estate or participation in large municipal administration rubs the edge off academic collectivism, and the result is that when an intelligent Socialist commands sufficient weight to be elected to a public body he is nearly certain to learn more than he teaches. One Parliamentary Socialist who had risen from the ranks once said to me, "The 'igher I get in society, the more I see 'ow much there is to be said on the other side."

THE Irish representatives have also taken advantage of the Easter holidays to hold an abortive reunion conference in Dublin. Reunion was not attained because the *Hamlet* of the play was not wanting it, and it is questionable whether the personal jealousies of a Parliamentary party consisting mainly of leaders will ever be set aside sufficiently to concentrate the political force of Nationalism in one channel, as was the case when O'Connell and Parnell were leaders of Irish Nationalism. The conference, however, held in Dublin, was specially interesting because of the side-lights thrown on the various and conflicting influences now at work on Irish Nationalism, but more especially on the intellectual revolt against the domination of the priests which has taken shape and is gaining ground. Priestly ascendency in the present day is serious in particular parts of the British Empire, but is not serious in the empire at large. Sacerdotal influence is not growing in Ireland, although the clerical party are fighting fiercely to retain the influence which they perceive is slipping into the hands of the physical-force party and their spokesmen. In England the meddling and inquisitorial spirit of priestly government has always produced peculiar irritation, and of late years in Ireland sacerdotalism has only held its ground by throwing itself heartily into what it believed to be the winning side in politics. Bishops in their pastorals dictated the political conduct of voters as though they were prescribing a fast or expounding doctrinal theology. The whole body of the Irish priesthood have been turned into electioneering agents, and have employed for political purposes all the powers and paraphernalia of their craft. Spiritual threats have been employed steadily and effectually for the coercion of the voters. Even the confessional has been used as an instrument for the same purpose. At one time the monopoly of power in the hands of the priesthood was as absolute as that which belonged to the landlords in the days of Tory ascendency; and it is a melancholy reflection for all of us that the honest endeavors of both sides in politics to do justice in Ireland, especially of the Liberal party under Mr. Gladstone, have ended in breaking down the influence of property, in destroying loyalty, and in subordinating the intelligent and educated part of the community to the ignorant and superstitious voters at elections.

OF recent years, however, the rapid and silent spread of scepticism among the laity in Ireland, fostered to a marked extent by the American Irish who have returned to the old country, has introduced extreme democratic ideas, and diminished proportionately the power of the priests. Ardent Nationalists as the Irish clergy undoubtedly are, the more intelligent among them now perceive that they have raised a Frankenstein they are unable to control. In 1883 the murderer of James Carey, the informer against the Phœnix Park criminals, was tried by an English jury and was duly hanged. It is not generally known that an imposing monument was erected to this murderer, with the following epitaph inscribed:

"Thy will be done."
In memory of Patrick O'Donnell, who heroically
gave up his life for Ireland, in London, England,
on December 17th, 1883.

This monument, with its epitaph, was erected without a single ecclesiastical protest. There is probably no other country in the world where such a thing could have happened. In abandoning the sphere of morality and religion for that of politics the Irish priesthood are now reaping what they sowed. I am informed by a high Nationalist authority, no longer in Parliament, that the Local Government bill in Ireland is beginning to take the bread out of the mouths of M. P. agitators, and that this menace to their livelihood is rousing them to eager efforts to promote ill feeling between different sections of Irishmen.

DEVELOPMENTS of the Transvaal question may be expected within the next few weeks. A petition signed by 21,000 British residents is on its way home to the Colonial Office. One of the results of this petition will be to reveal to the public a split in the camp of the millionaires, and it will further show the extent to which Mr. Rhodes's influence is waning. I expect to be able to say something of the new movement in an early letter.

I AM asked to mention that an Anglo-American committee has been formed for the purpose of establishing a memorial to the late William Black, who has many friends and admirers among the readers of the WEEKLY. The memorial is probably to take the form of a life-boat for the west coast of Scotland, this suggestion being made by Lord Archibald Campbell. On the New York committee, among others, Mr. J. Henry Harper, Mr. Henry Mills Alden, editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, are announced as members.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

LIBERTY
&
JUSTICE

By Franklin Matthews

VI.

SANITATION IN HAVANA.

NOT less important than cleaning the streets, purifying the harbor and sewers, protecting the water-supply, and putting all public works in proper order in Havana, was the task of cleaning the city from the inside, the work of purifying the buildings of every grade in the town. Inside thousands of dwellings were "black holes" in a frightful condition. The walls of hundreds, if not thousands, of buildings were the abiding-places of germs of yellow fever and other infectious diseases. A building without an offensive odor in it, whether the home of a wealthy citizen, the business place of a rich merchant, a so-called first-class hotel, a factory, or even some churches, was a still rarer thing than honesty in dealings at the Custom House. Whether a sewer system and street pavements should be put down at once or delayed for another year, it was obvious to the American authorities that the buildings must be cleaned, as a primary necessity in keeping down the death-rate, in endeavoring to prevent yellow fever from reaching American shores, and in preserving the health of American soldiers.

General F. V. Greene, who was the first military governor of the city after the Spanish evacuation, at once set about having the buildings cleaned, as he had set about having the streets cleaned and the public works put in order. The man placed in charge of this work was Major John G. Davis, a Chicago physician of large practice and wide reputation. Major Davis really became the health-officer of Havana. General Ludlow, who relieved General Greene, gave him the fullest scope and the heartiest support. Major Davis is one of those military officers who do things. He has the energy of an eager business man. I could not find any tendency on his part to shut down his desk at a certain hour every day; to pay undue attention to the matter of rank or red-tape when there were lives to be saved; to spend time in the exercise of petty jealousies lest full and proper credit and due promotion should not be given to him for his work. His sole care seemed to be to get the town in a more healthful condition and let everything else go. He worked constantly and never seemed to tire, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the death-rate for the month of January cut almost exactly in half, compared with the January of the previous year. In January, 1898, the deaths in Havana numbered, according to the imperfect accounts of the Spanish authorities, 1801; in 1899, under the accurate system of records made by the Americans, the deaths were 900. The figures for February had not been made up when I left, but the indications were that the death-rate would be even lower than in January. Recent despatches show that the death-rate for February and March was much lower than in January.

A house-to-house medical inspection in the city was necessary. For this purpose Major Davis employed 114 physicians, most of them Cubans and residents of the city. The town was divided up into districts, and a certain territory apportioned to each inspector. It took time to organize the force, to prepare report blanks, and the like; but during the first week in February the buildings of the city were being inspected at the rate of 1200 a day. This inspection was no informal hit-or-miss affair. It meant an examination into every room, every court, and every yard of every building in town, whether that building was occupied or owned by rich or poor or high or low. It meant an inspection of every cesspool and the condition of the water-supply in every building. Already, at the time of my visit, 15,000 buildings had been inspected, and reports had been made as to their condition and the condition of the people who occupied them.

For each inspection a report had to be made out, showing the street and number of the building, name of the owner and occupants, dimensions of the building, and the purposes for which it was used; number of families and persons, adults and children, in it; whether there was any sickness in the place, and if so, of what nature; what was done with the household waste of every kind; number of cesspools, or "black holes," and their condition; the condition of drainage; the disposition of garbage; whether there was need of vaccination of residents; and whether there was or ever had been any infectious disease in the building. There were some other questions of minor importance.

This system of inspection and reports amounted really to a health census of the town. It contained data of the highest importance for various municipal purposes, especially matters pertaining to the destitute and sick. It was also valuable for future police reference. It was necessary to examine every report carefully. Eleven clerks were kept busy sending out notices to owners and occupants of the houses inspected, ordering them to do certain things toward putting the places in a good sanitary condition. Whitewashing was ordered nearly everywhere. Thousands of cesspools were ordered to be cleaned and improved. Directions were given to put all garbage where it could be collected by the wagons under the Street-Cleaning Department. Where it could be done, modern water-closets were ordered to be installed. Liberal use of paint was prescribed in thousands of places.

The examining physicians had not only to inspect, but to reinspect. They adopted a system of doing this, and householders who neglected to comply with their orders were notified that they would be arrested and fined. It is satisfactory to note that Major Davis encountered little opposition from the people in his work. Here and there one heard of complaints against this or that inspector, and assertions, largely by persons who kept their homes clean and who had means, that it was an outrage not to respect the privacy of homes. But all such persons, and those who sympathized with them, forgot that the city was under military rule, and that the health of the place demanded that all should be treated alike in this grapple with disease in its hiding-places. Some of the householders asked for time in which to make repairs and to clean up, and it was usually given to them. In most cases the time limit for thorough cleaning was set at thirty days.

Now it was not easy to secure material or men to clean places. In the first days of American occupation large quantities of lime and disinfectants, used by the military authorities in cleaning public buildings, had to be brought from the United States on hurry orders. There was not enough paint in the city with which to obey the orders by Major Davis's men. It had to be sent for, and tools with which to do the work had also to be imported. There was a great scarcity of workmen, such as painters and plumbers and carpenters, and even day-laborers could not be hired, for there was none in good health not at work. The price of labor rose, and for all these reasons it was absolutely essential that time should be given for the needed changes. Still, there was work that could be done in every place, and instantly the effect was felt in the reduced death-rate.

This inspection work was only part of the duty that fell to the lot of Major Davis as chief health-officer. One of his first tasks was to inspect the streets, so that an efficient basis for street-cleaning could be established. Every street in town was examined. Reports of their condition went to the Department of Public Works under Colonel Black. It was a big undertaking. Then there was the matter of caring for the destitute sick. The inspection reports revealed their condition and addresses. A dozen physicians were employed in caring for these persons.

HAVANA—HOW NATURE SCOURS THE HARBOR: WAVES BREAKING OVER MORRO CASTLE DURING THE GREAT STORM OF FEBRUARY 13, 1899.

Photograph by E. C. Rost.

Another duty was the task of analyzing the milk of the dairies in town, and of that which was brought into town. One of the sights in Havana is a dairy. The cows are kept in buildings such as are used for residences or stores, and are in plain sight. The cows stand in a stall constantly, and never get any grazing or exercise. The stables are usually in bad sanitary condition, and a danger to health for the entire neighborhood. The manure is not cared for on sanitary principles. Dr. Davis told me that, judging from the reports he had received already, he thought there must be at least 1000 cows kept in these close quarters in the city for dairy purposes. He declared that it was his intention to drive every one of these dairies out of town, and probably by this writing it has been done.

Dr. Davis had to care for the municipal hospitals, and to see that they were supplied with medicines and proper medical help. He established five houses of assistance, where those needing medicine could have their wants prescribed for. He also designated certain drug-stores in various parts of the city where prescriptions would be put up at government expense for those who had no money to purchase such necessaries. He looked after the medical condition of the orphans, and co-operated with those who had charge of feeding the poor. By means of this system begging lepers were banished from the streets, and one of the most loathsome sights of the place in the early days of American occupation was soon gone.

Although the work of cleaning the public buildings came under the care of Colonel Black of the Public Works Department, Major Davis had to pass upon it and inspect it. There were no less than eighteen of these large buildings being cleaned during the month of January. All the barracks in town, all the palaces of officials, all the public offices, were undergoing a thorough cleansing. Even Morro Castle and Cabañas fortress were closed to visitors on this account. All the rough work was done by Cubans who were supposed to be immune to yellow fever. The buildings were "rough cleaned" by them, and large quantities of quick-lime and a solution of chloride of lime were used. Then came coats of paint or whitewash, with repairs to wood-work, and a thorough disinfection by the sanitary department. The Spaniards left the public buildings in a frightful condition. They stripped the places of everything that could be sold, including plumbing, gas-fixtures, wash-stands, doors to closets, bath-tubs, and furniture, and seemed to take delight in making the places as dirty as possible. A curious discovery was made in one of the public buildings at the foot of Zulueta Street. It was a barracks, and had a new floor. It was thought wise to pry up a board or two. To the astonishment of the officials, the entire space between the floor beams was filled with old grape-shot and cannon-balls. There must have been from twenty to thirty tons in the place. The floor was literally ballasted, and no one could guess the reason, unless it might be a steal of some kind requiring that the old stuff should be hidden.

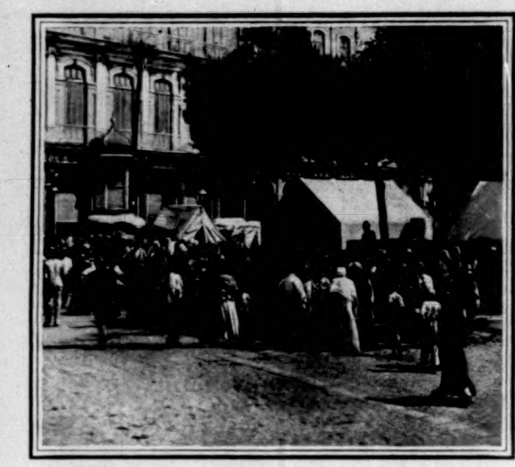
Major Davis had the medical care of the American soldiers in Havana to look after, as well as to prepare estimates for his department, supervise the work of his clerks, and co-operate with other departments in ordering supplies from the United States for the preservation of the health of the community. One of these orders was for a large number of odorless excavators for the cleaning of the terrible "black holes" in the town.

Of course it is to be expected that there will be yellow fever in Havana this year—as there is every year, and, indeed, as there is all the time. Early in February an American soldier died in his tent in Havana, and it was found that he had yellow fever. There may be an epidemic of unusual violence this year because of so many deaths from hunger and disease during the reconcentrado days, but it does not seem probable. There will be a great deal of sickness, but it is unreasonable to suppose that all the work of street-cleaning, disinfecting the streets and houses, caring for the sick and the hungry, purifying the harbors and sewers, will not have a tremendously good effect upon the health of the town. It had already had such an effect in February, and Dr. Davis said then that he hoped and believed that there would be no great summer epidemic in the city. It is almost certain that if the streets had been torn up to put down sewers, nothing could have prevented an epidemic—probably such as the place never saw, and at a time when such a scourge could be endured least of all. If the temporary work which General Ludlow has insisted shall be done, while a thorough system for sewering and paving the place is being drawn up, shall result in a greatly reduced death-rate, as seems probable, it is altogether likely that when the thorough work of renovating the town for all time is undertaken next winter, there will be no unusual epidemic, and that, as a result, thousands of lives will be spared. The more one thinks about General Ludlow's policy, not of delay, but of thorough preparation, and of his effective work through Colonel Black and Major Davis, the more one is convinced of the wisdom of that policy, and the more one appreciates the courage which inspired him to take that stand rather than to play for cheap popularity by doing work that was not absolutely thorough.

In justification of his hopes, Dr. Davis allowed me to make this extract from a letter written on February 6 to him by Dr. Manuel Delfin, an expert of high repute in yellow-fever cases:

"From now on I feel assured that if the cleaning the streets is kept up, and that of the houses is continued, obliging the owners to put in water and modern water-closets, and, above all, the streets are sprinkled with electrozone, that also could be employed in the cleaning and disinfection of houses and public buildings, I feel assured that the coming summer will appear in our history as the foremark of the endless series that the future has for a new era in civilization."

The summer alone will tell the tale that will mean so



DESTITUTE CUBANS DRAWING RATIONS FROM THE RELIEF STATION ON THE PRADO.

Photograph by C. E. Doty and S. R. Fox.

much to General Ludlow and his hard-working and conscientious staff. They are entitled to every consideration of patience and respect in the matter.

THE WORK OF FEEDING THE POOR

Although it is not strictly sanitary in character, the work of feeding the poor of the city contributed in large degree to the improved healthful conditions of the city, and it will not be out of place to tell the story of that work here. This task was under the direction of Captain E. St. John Greble, a volunteer officer from Philadelphia, whose tact, unlimited patience, and sympathetic temperament made him peculiarly fitted to the undertaking. It brought him in direct contact with the sad and pitiful side of life in Havana. During January and February no less than 20,000 persons were being fed by the United States government through army agencies, and in the first week in February Captain Greble said to me that he believed that there were no persons in town suffering from a lack of food. He had no doubt that in the early work of his bureau he and his officers had been imposed upon here and there, but it was no time for complete investigation. Wherever a hungry face, or what seemed to be a hungry face, was seen, immediate aid was given, and Captain Greble had to take chances as to impostors. He had to provide for the orphan children, many of whom were being cared for by Catholic Sisters in public institutions, and many of whom had no homes, nor even distant relatives. Scores of them had slept on the streets and had begged their food. Their condition was such that even a strong man could not notice it without a shudder.

Then there were the widows of Spanish officers in the Casa de las Viudas—home of the widows left behind in Cuba—without support of any kind. They were refined and highly educated, many of them, and too proud to ask for charity. They were timid about seeking assistance from the United States government, because their husbands had been Spanish officers. In making a public appeal in their behalf, General Ludlow referred to these widows as a "unique and pitiful legacy" of Spanish rule. Mrs. Ludlow generously offered to take charge of the work of applying any assistance that might be sent to Havana on their behalf.

Captain Greble reached Havana on December 15, 1898, and at once took hold of the work of feeding the destitute. As soon as the Spanish forces left the city he began to put a system in operation. He established five military depots, where food was given to the poor on presentation of orders duly signed by the authorities. The station that attracted most attention from visitors was at the head of the Prado, where several companies of the Tenth Regular Infantry were encamped. A large tent faced the street, and about it was built a fence with a sort of shelf on top. The fence seemed to be thronged all the time. It was there that one saw to the best advantage what the war meant to the people of Havana. Many refined persons plainly showed their humiliation as they carried away food to their homes. Tears stood in their eyes; a look of pitiful humiliation was on their faces, mingled with one of gratitude. Some were hardly able to walk. Many brought boys with them to carry away their rations. Many were old and feeble, and the patience with which they stood about awaiting their turns to be served touched the American spectators who had strolled up to see one of the sights of the town. It was not an infrequent sight to see pieces of coin slipped into the hands of applicants, or placed upon the board shelf where they might be picked up. From morning till night the detail of soldiers dealt out the rations, and although it was a dreary task, Uncle Sam's boys did their best to throw some cheer into it by attempts at humor in their talk, and occasionally by cutting up some caper that made the wretched people go away with a smile. Those smiles seemed to satisfy the soldier boys keenly.

I spent some time at this tent watching the soldiers fill the bags of the applicants. Rarely less than five rations were given in any one case. Five rations consisted usually of three one-quarter-pound cans of bacon, four pounds of flour, five ounces of coffee, eight ounces of sugar, three ounces of salt, five ounces of rice, one-fifth of an ounce of pepper, a little vinegar and soap thrown in. For the sick the rations included corn-starch, condensed milk, deviled ham, canned soup, and dried apples in addition to the regulation rations.

In the first days of feeding the poor, Captain Greble received hundreds of applicants at his office, where clerks made out requisitions for food. So far as he could, Captain Greble personally questioned the applicant, and listened to his or her story. Gradually a system was evolved and put in operation, whereby committees from the Cuban Patriotic League, the Junta Patriotica, were established in every ward in the city, subsidiary to the five relief stations, and through these every house was visited and all worthy persons were provided for. The needy soon found out where to apply, and the districts were so small in territory that there was little likelihood that any hungry person was overlooked. In this way something like 20,000 rations a day were distributed, the supplies amounting to food for as much as thirty days in some cases. From six to ten days' supply was the average amount given out. Ladies long identified with charitable work and pastors of churches also assisted in recommending deserving cases to Captain Greble and his men, and in that way distress from hunger was soon relieved in the city. Here is a blank form, made out for me by Captain Greble, which will reveal something of the system involved, and the thoroughness and care with which this important work was done:

DESTITUTE RATIONS.

HAVANA, *February* 7, 1899.

Name, Adriana de San Juan, widow.
Address, Teniente Rey, No. 56.
Adults { *Males, No.*
Females, No. 1
Children, total No. 6
Ages, males, 2, 7.
Ages, females, 3, 5, 8, 13.
Total in family 7

Remarks—Destitute and sick with fever. Four children sick. Two in bed. Investigated.

Officer in Charge of Station at Campo de Marte. *Issue* 70 rations, 7 persons, for 10 days.

E. S. J. GREBLE,
Capt. and A. A. General.

The case of the Spanish widows, to which General Ludlow referred in his appeal, was peculiarly sad. They were housed in a large institution, built partly by convict labor and partly by military labor. The inmates were supported in part by the government of the island, and in part by contributions from the salaries of Spanish officers. Some of the widows were very old, having spent most of their lives in Cuba. Some were born in Cuba, but most of them were from Spain. They were a mournful reminder of war and its penalties, and they were recognized as part of the Spanish military outfit in Cuba. The Spanish troops sailed away, and simply abandoned them to the vicissitudes of a new order of things. Their pensions had not been paid for more than a year and a half, and with the revenues from the salaries of Spanish officers cut off entirely, they were in a deplorable plight. There were seventy women of various ages in the home, and ninety girls and fifty boys. They were almost without friends, and suffered keenly before they allowed their condition to become known to the American authorities. Some were able to do such work as teaching, but there was none to be had.

Other public institutions called for immediate attention. There was the Casa de Beneficencia, upon which several hundred persons were dependent. This institution has property estimated to be worth something like $1,250,000, but its income was cut off. Captain Greble sold it 5000 rations at eight cents each, to be paid for when the institution should again be in receipt of its income. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Sisters of the Heart of Our Lord were caring for many orphans, and Captain Greble went to their assistance as quickly as he could. His first care had been, of course, the feeding of the absolutely destitute on the streets. These were provided with shelter as well as food, in barracks which were made clean. Some of these destitute persons were aged, but a good many were orphans. Arrangements were made to place most of the orphans found on the streets in asylums, the government paying ten dollars a month for their maintenance, with the understanding that they were to receive instruction in some trade in addition to other schooling.

Soon after Captain Greble began to get his city work organized he also turned his attention to the suburbs. Reports of starving people in the country reached him. He sent out an officer, who looked the situation over, put himself in touch with the officials of the places and the women leaders in charitable work, and then had sent in reports as to about the number of rations that would be needed for a given time. Blank forms of requisition were left to be filled up, and the first wagon-train with food to sustain these people was sent out early in February. It was a pleasing sight to see these heavily laden wagons starting on this errand. There were twenty wagons each drawn by four mules, and each having one non-commissioned officer and four privates to deal out the food. The wagons made a noise as they rumbled through the streets like an enormous circus outfit coming into a stone-paved city at night. The train seemed to be fully a quarter of a mile long, and it left town with signs of public approval on all sides. In a few days all the needy within reasonable wagon travel of Havana had been supplied with food for at least ten days. The work was to be kept up until there was no longer occasion for it.

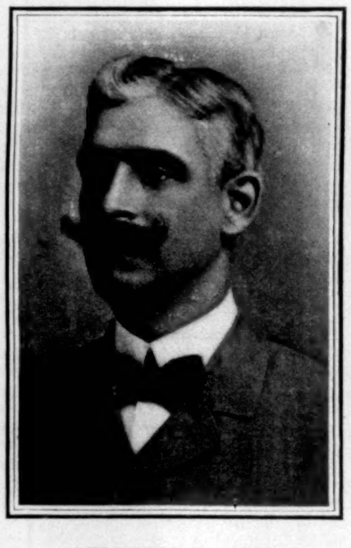
In all this work of relieving the destitute there were bound to be some unworthy cases. When the machinery was organized thoroughly Captain Greble began to look out for these. He began to study the requisitions, and here and there he was able to find a case where there was imposition. The day before I left town he had discovered a flagrant case of fraud. A woman of refined appearance had simply been filling up her place with rations secured by misrepresentation. It may have been fear that the food would be cut off some day, or it may have been just an ordinary desire to steal, that caused her to do as she did, but the result was that she was arrested promptly and placed in jail, to be dealt with by the courts.

Thus not only was the city cleaned inside and outside, but the people were built up in health. There was great need of clothing, Captain Greble said, and the next problem after caring for the temporary wants of the hungry would be to clothe people, and to study what to do with the children with no homes, and what to do with the thousands of women without means of support. There was no complaint, from those whose suffering had been relieved, of the military occupation of Cuba by the United States.

WITHIN THE 10TH U. S. INFANTRY'S RELIEF STATION ON THE PRADO.

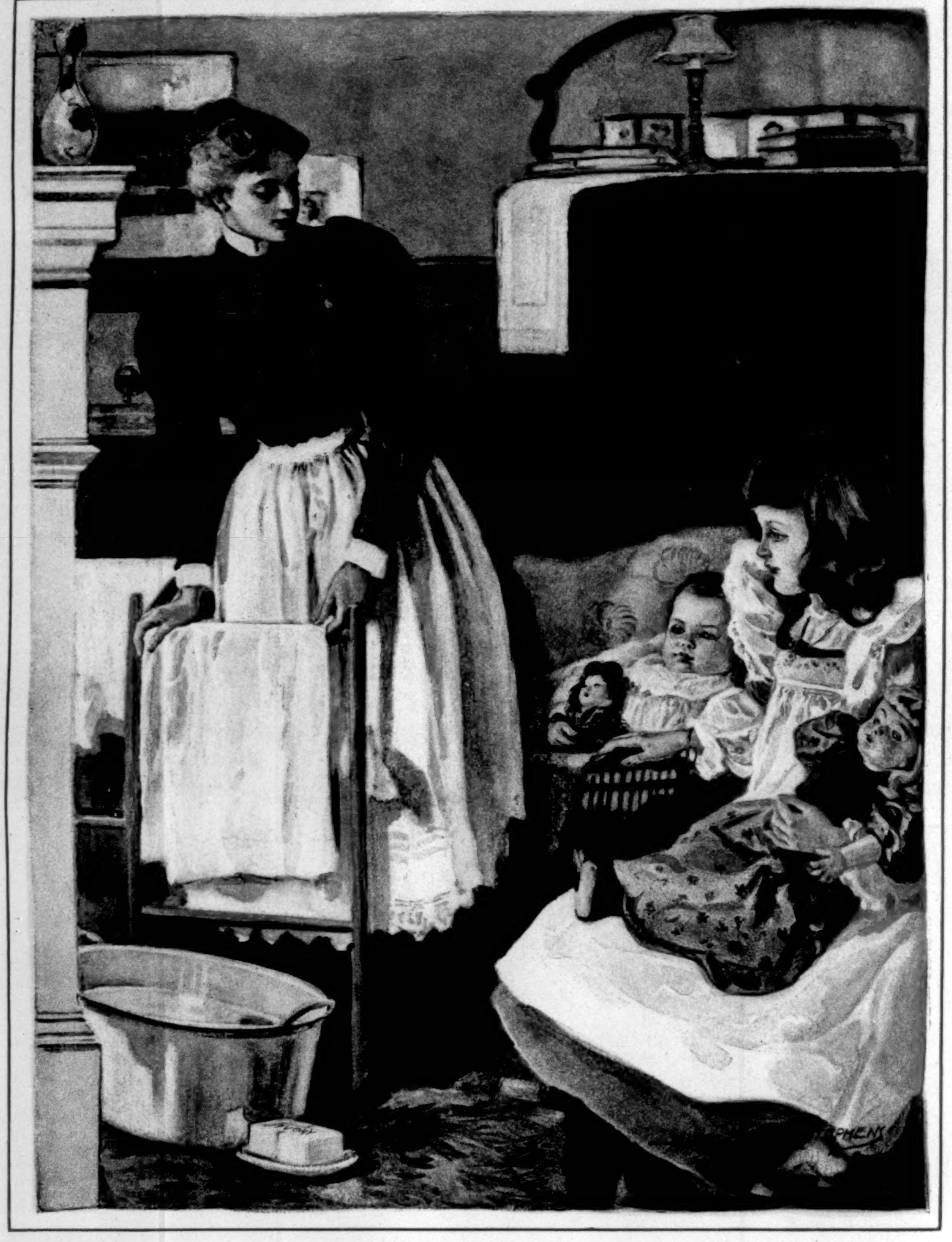
Although in no way connected with the military occupation of Cuba, the branch of the Marine Hospital Service established in Havana contributes largely to the protection of this country from infection, and therefore is part of the general system of health restoration there. As far back as 1878 this government established an office in Havana, under the National Board of Health, to study yellow fever, and to protect this country from it. In 1883 this work was transferred to the Marine Hospital Service, under the Treasury Department. Its' work is to inspect vessels and passengers coming to this country. Dr. W. F. Brunner is in charge of the work. He was one of the last to leave Havana when the war came, and he was one of the first to return. He plays an important part in the visit of Americans to Havana. It is essential that all visitors should appear at his office. Unless the visitor has been vaccinated and has "good marks" to show, he cannot leave the island for the United States until vaccinated and the vaccination begins to "take." The day before one leaves he must go to Dr. Brunner's office and get a bill of good health. No steamship line may sell a ticket to this country without such a certificate. One of the doctor's assistants goes to each vessel, and leaves it just as the anchor is pulled up. He takes a final look at all the passengers before they sail. Up to the time I left the island, just before March 1, Dr. Brunner had cleared 3700 passengers bound for the United States, and during the same time had inspected 228 vessels.

This office is one of the busiest places in Havana. A dozen cabs are to be seen in front of it at almost any hour of the day. The authorities have given orders for a disinfecting-vessel to be stationed at Havana under the Marine Hospital Service. Passengers and sailors, baggage and other goods, can be disinfected thoroughly by such means before sailing. When Havana really becomes clean for good, and when all these precautions which have been adopted are in working order, doubtless, not only will Havana and other parts of Cuba be freed from the dreadful scourge of yellow fever, but the southern part of the United States will no longer suffer from that form of epidemic.



PERFECTO LACOSTE,
New Mayor of Havana.

FELIX YZNAGA,
Secretary to the Municipality.



FROM THE PAINTING BY
ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

The Nursery.

A LOVING MOTHER IS EVER WATCHFUL OF HER CHILDREN'S COMFORT, AND FOR THE BABY THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

IVORY SOAP is used for the bath, and the little one nestles down in bed with a contented cooing that plainly shows a sense of physical well-being. Ivory Soap is so carefully made that it is selected for uses requiring a soap of extraordinary purity. It floats.

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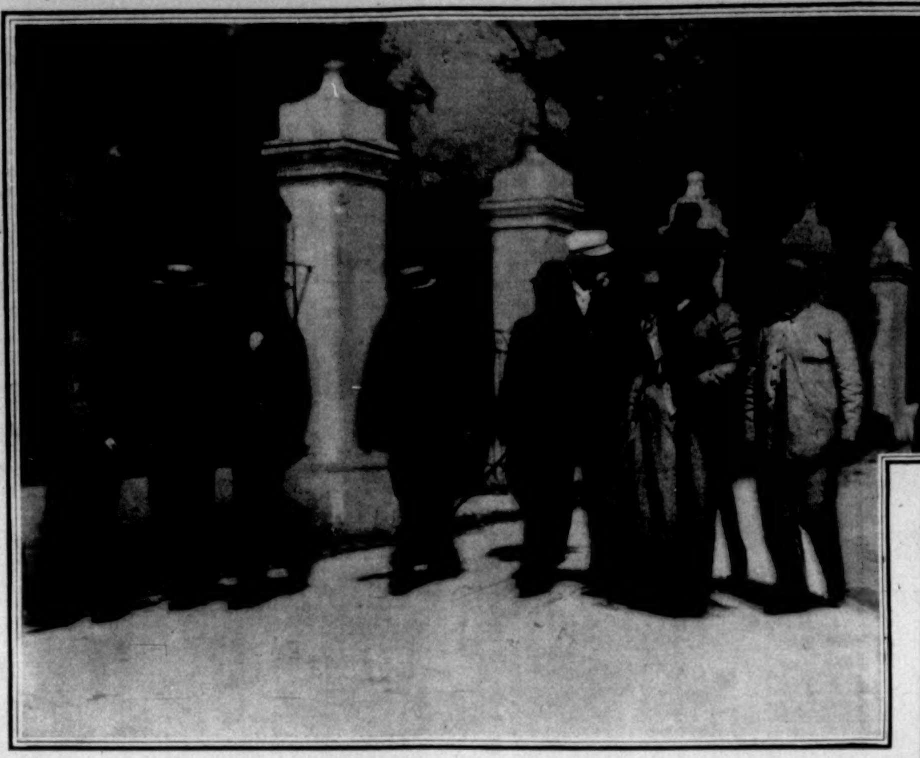
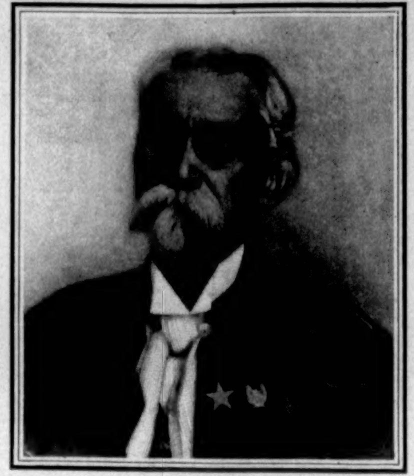
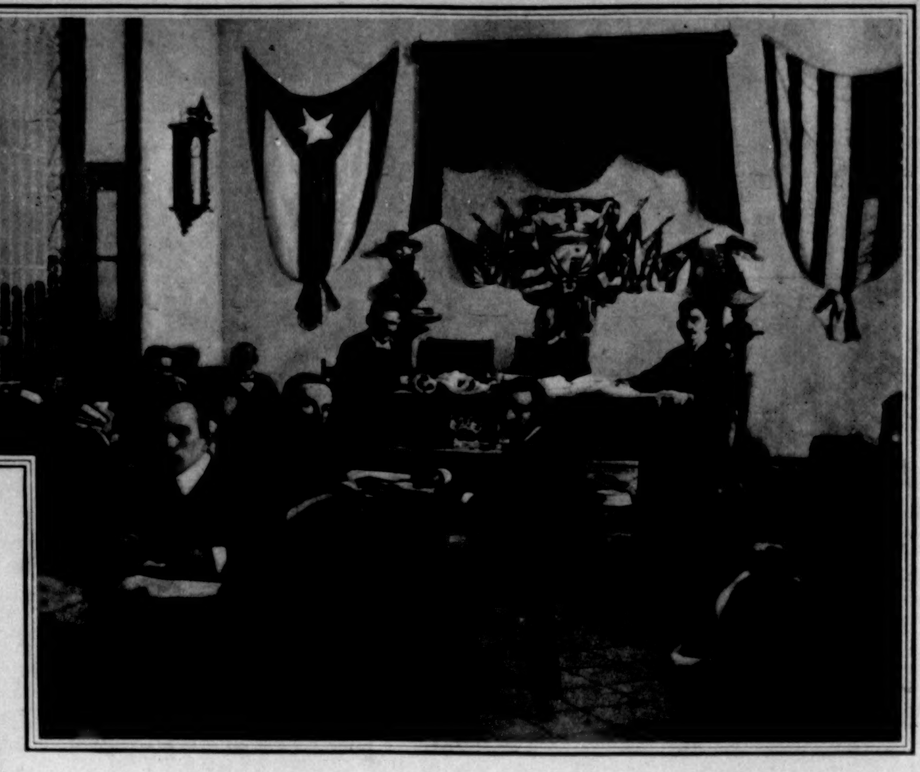
Any person wishing a copy of this picture may mail to us 10 Ivory Soap
Wrappers, on receipt of which we will send a copy (without printing)
on enamel plate paper, 14 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI.



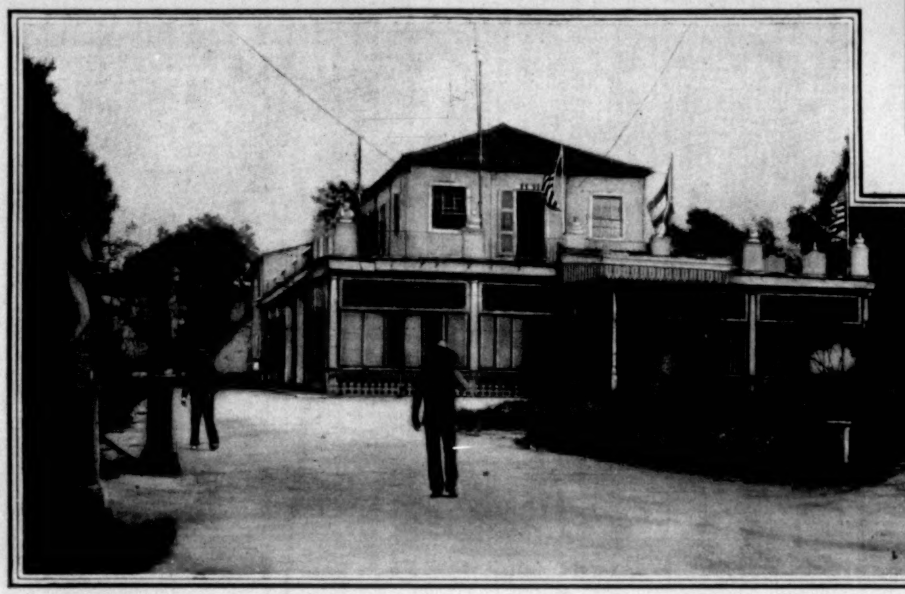
GENERAL GOMEZ LEAVING HIS HEADQUARTERS WITH FRIENDS.



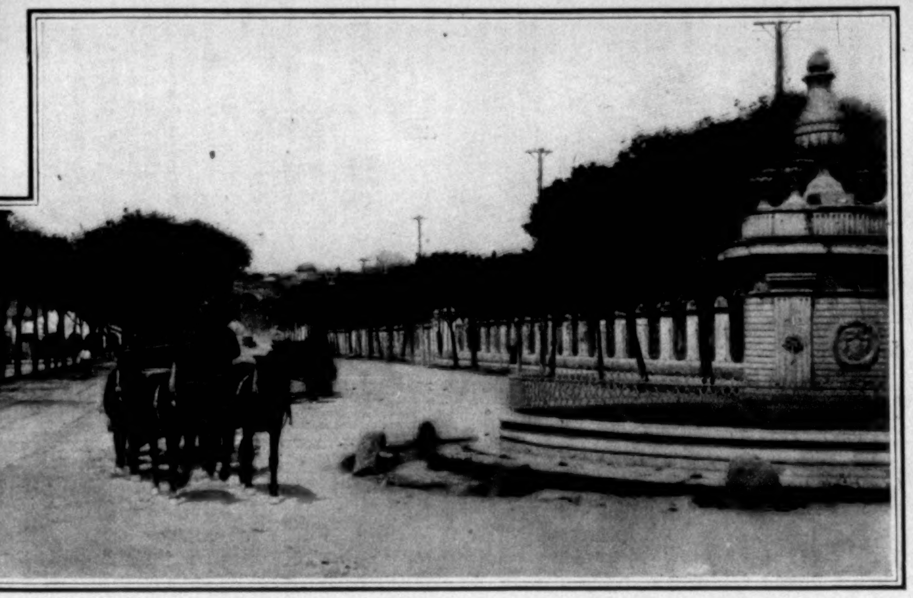
MAXIMO GOMEZ.



A MEETING OF THE CUBAN ASSEMBLY AT CERRO.



QUINTA DE LOS MOLINOS, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GOMEZ, FORMERLY THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S SUMMER PALACE.



CARLOS III. AVENUE, ON WHICH IS GENERAL GOMEZ'S HEADQUARTERS.

HAVANA—GENERAL GOMEZ, HIS LIFE, AND HIS ANTAGONISTS.

MUSIC

ABBATE LORENZO PEROSI'S "THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS"

THE writer of these lines may assume, not just because his space for data is limited, that most of his readers have heard a good deal within some six months of the sacred oratorios of Don Lorenzo Perosi, a young Italian composer—incidentally entered into holy orders. At least four of the works in question have been sung in the composer's country and in several other quarters of musical Europe, often, if presented in Italy, with almost a turbulent acclamation of their merits. In this department references have been made to the matter as a sort in which it is hardly wise to express an opinion under guidance, the editor having had in mind some sort of a special communication on the Abbate Perosi during the coming months, from a foreign city, where the composer's music could be heard representatively, and as speaking out for itself. Unexpectedly this duty can be checked off from my summer correspondence, at least as a necessity. A deserving Italian church charity in this city invited nothing less than a local production of one of Don Lorenzo's works—"The Resurrection of Lazarus"—at a special concert last week. It can be understood that such an announcement, suddenly blowing up on the spring winds, was received with lively curiosity of a critical sort about the town. As a considerable patronage in the best circles of Catholic hierarchy and congregations united in the matter, and the musical details were put into good care, the incident not only attracted an excellent and attentive audience, but was a sufficiently effective interpretation to insure the composer against any really grave misconstructions. The production could easily have been more perfect, but at least those of us who wished to judge of Perosi were not seriously bewrayed in that privilege, so far as concerned "The Resurrection of Lazarus." How far another score by the Abbate Perosi might alter one's ideas of him there is no use guessing at this writing. What we have heard we have heard. Mr Frank Damrosch conducted the presentation carefully. The soloists were Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Giuseppe Campanari, with Mr. Gaston Déthier at the organ. There was a competent chorus. The orchestra certainly was equal to all—as things turned out—that was to be played. So much for fairly satisfactory externals of the production.

Concerning the Abbate Lorenzo Perosi.

To recite essential personal facts, Don Lorenzo Perosi is a native of Tortona, Italy. He is the son of an organist. He has not yet passed his middle twenties. He is undoubtedly a precocious musician. Italy abounds now in precocity of the sort, and always has so abounded. Perosi's father wisely and early set him to thorough study of his art. After being a pupil with real distinction under Saladino at Milan, Krug at Monte-Cassino, Habicht at Ratisbon, and in the great Santa Cecilia Academy at Rome, the young man filled several professional situations with some remark, as is quite natural in the instance of so young and talented a worker. He advanced rapidly, and a year or so ago became nothing less than Musical Director of the Sixtine Chapel. From the first the notice of the Roman clergy was bent on him. Without being a niggard of charity to his gifts, it must be said that such notice seems to have been a highly significant undercurrent in all his public career. Indeed, one can be reminded aptly of the lines in the "Ingoldsby Legends":

> At once all the clerics
> Went into hysterics.

More or less in compliance therewith, in 1894 occurred his ordination, whereby he is now known as the Abbate Perosi, much as was Liszt known as the Abbate Liszt. The orders are rather nominal.

A Composer of Sacred Oratorio.

Youthful musical genius under kind conditions burns brightly. That Perosi should have written a long catalogue of church compositions before he was known much beyond central Italy is not surprising. But it was when he turned his powers to the field of sacred oratorio, of late so little developed, and set out to compose a series of not less than twelve scores illustrating the life of the Saviour, that the young musician began to be much considered by Italy's Church and by the world. Of these works four have been heard—viz., "The Passion of Christ" (December, 1897), "The Transfiguration of Christ" (March, 1898), "The Resurrection of Lazarus" (July, 1898), and "The Resurrection of Christ" (December, 1898). As intimated above, their popular success in Italy has been enormous, creating scenes of enthusiasm, tears, plaudits—of all sorts of emotions. The Italian press (significantly the *Osservatore*) has spared no superlatives. The composer has been the pet of the great clergy and the cynosure of the elegant drawing-rooms of Rome and Milan. His photograph has been in every shop window. His name is on every lip—along with references to Palestrina, Leo, Marcello, and Bach. In fact, the thought lately has grown recurrent—and for many reasons logical—that Don Lorenzo's professional acceptance is inspired, whether his music is or is not. No wonder that New York has been eager to get a hearing of something by him that would give a clear impression of his qualities.

Concerning "The Resurrection of Lazarus."

It would be unjust and unwarranted to say that the Abbate Perosi, grown older, may not become a great and significant Italian composer in his elected field, with the world set to honor him some day with notable reason. But on the strength—not an appropriate word—of "The Resurrection of Lazarus," as heard the other evening, this likelihood becomes extremely faint. Where there is smoke there must be some fire. Beyond argument it is plain that no live coal of genius kindled "The Resurrection of Lazarus." It proved itself almost wholly disappointing. It was not merely unimpressive; it was placidly pointless. The structure is wisely kept simple. The brief text for the work gives the familiar verses from the Vulgate, reciting the touching story of Christ's visit to the bereaved sisters at Bethlehem, and the miracle. These Biblical passages for the soloists, including a "Historicus," are declaimed in an undramatic liturgical accent, with a rather commonplace orchestral accompaniment, through two "Parts," to the end. Much has been said as to Don Lorenzo's influences and ideas as to models. Doubtless he knows the great Italian polyphonists by heart. But neither the lyrical beauty of the supreme Italian church writers of old is more than suggested, nor is there any new modern accent robust enough to keep us even interested. The actual narrative, scarcely dialogue in effect, is interrupted by two choral ejaculations treated rather elaborately, and by a couple of the lovely old hymns from the Breviarum Romanum, with a "Benedicamus Domino" in conclusion. There are also put into this work several of the longish "instrumental interludes," "varianti," and so on, of which a good deal has been said. These are meant either descriptively or as a less definite relief to the vocal numbers. But whether setting his singers to narrate the Gospel's words (so reticent, yet so pathetic, and even dramatic), whether writing for a chorus in an aim at Italian polyphonic effect, whether weaving an accompaniment to the narration or giving his orchestra its own independent episodes, Don Lorenzo offers us nothing that surprises—no, nothing that even arouses us, not once. He is clever, whether he is deferring to Palestrina, or to the mighty Bach, or to a contemporary. He goes on and on—scholarly, serenely—with no charm of melody, no impressiveness of harmonic structure as to voices, and even with less to say in his orchestra. We yearn for conviction, and nowhere are convinced. Merely to think of Bach's "Around Thy Tomb," of Palestrina's "Veni, Creator Spiritus," or the Pilgrim's Chorus in Leo's "St. Helena at Calvary," is to forget the Abbate Perosi for good and all. A dozen such oratorios would not suggest cerebral meningitis for their author.

A Real Prophet in Oratorio Wanted Just Now.

Heralded and accepted widely as a new Carissimi, a second Scarlatti, to sacred oratorio has Don Lorenzo turned. His apparent failure is unwelcome everyway, for sacred oratorio has indeed long wanted a real prophet. Handel is great, but often archaic as antique. Bach is not for all, nor for every-day usage, not indeed for concert-rooms at all. Mendelssohn has been dead fifty-two years. Since "Elijah" and the Mendelssohn working-out in that noble masterpiece, with its improvements of the Handelian model for sacred oratorio, there has been little significant fruit on the oratorio stock tree. There has been a good deal of dubious grafting. César Franck, the French composer, recently deceased, is to be credited with one remarkable and beautiful score, in spirit blending vigorously the classic and contemporary mood—"La Nativité"—which work has yet to be at all well known in America. Costa was a weak workman, and Spohr a ponderous one. England has not built up a really strong new school. Gounod's theatrism and his sugary sentimentality did not make his pretentious "Redemption" a thing of sincerity and truth. Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," "Paradise Lost," and so on are colossal operas—rather poor ones—in disguise. Edgar Tinel's "St. Francis of Assisi" is a weak and inherently theatrical work. So goes the oratorio record of the half-century. A lack of sound inspirations and of right conceptions of oratorio is indicated by the fact that notable "oratorios" of recent making have been turned into operas, out and out, with a little tinkering—as witness Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Délila." Our own Horatio Parker's "Saint Christopher" is no slight monument of a vocation for oratorio on true lines, musical and spiritual; but the like works are scarce. Doubtless *the* new prophet will arise. Really risen, we shall call him blessed, whatever his nation. But his name as yet is not Don Lorenzo Perosi, however graceful a measure of musical ability, and however liberal a chance to become a mature musician time present or time to come may allow that youthful and ambitious musical ecclesiastic.

Recitals: and What they Recite.

The weather grows warmer. In the town, sparse apologetic verdure is becoming, as if reluctantly, more of the compliant kind which breezes, as well as an Orpheus, might move. Local music is still abundant. It is excellent of its kind. Larger incidents have included a benefit-performance tendered Mr. Maurice Grau by Metropolitan artists of the late season; an orchestral concert arranged as Madame Lehmann's farewell till next winter; the orchestral concert given by the pupils in the musical courses at Columbia University, who are united under the excellent care of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs; the same species of entertainment from the scholars of the "National" Conservatory of Music, which is doing admirable work; the Arion and Liederkranz concerts; besides the performance of "Elijah" by the People's Choral Union, and the Castle Square Opera Company's work. The recital has been in its most vernal blossom. Madame Lehmann, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. Bispham, Madame Carreño, Lady Hallé, Madame Madeleine Schiller, Mr. Walter Damrosch, Mr. Joseffy Paloma Schramm (a wonder-child at the piano), and other names have appeared in the columns of advertisement or of critical review. At this time of the year one has leisure and a disposition for these quiet afternoon hours of song and piano-forte not so readily discovered when the full course of symphony concert and opera is in movement. Their instruction to the student is not small. But—once more—let us marvel and lament together the sameness of repertory in just this species of entertainment. All good musical interpretations are, like Scripture, profitable of doctrine to serious hearers. But there should be more attention paid by our public recital-givers to new music, and a more general effort made to put before us what is not so hackneyed. Ever the same sonatas, ever the same songs! One might think that piano-forte composition was an exhausted art. One might conclude that no new lyrics worth introducing were in print. One could infer that because one player or singer succeeds in one or another selection enjoyment in it and success with it of an individual sort were always inevitable. "The repetitiousness of recitals" is an ancient, almost a despairing outcry, I know. But it is not less warranted in this year of grace than it was a dozen, two dozen, seasons ago. There is much admirable music made in these recitals, vocal or instrumental, when considered as artistry. Regarded as widening the sphere of our musical knowledge, one cannot but read unintelligence, artistic indolence, and even cowardice between the lines of such well-worn programmes. I am reminded over and over, in perusing such "recital" bulletins, of the lines—

> "Your harp to newer strains belongs?"
> Why play as if it shouldn't?
> "You cannot sing the old, old songs?"
> Ah, how we wish you wouldn't!

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

Afloat and Ashore

AFLOAT and ashore on far island and bay
The men of our blood and our name stand to-day,
With the one bit of home that their tired eyes see,
Their country's fair flag waving gallant and free.

And it means to their hearts, with its clustering stars,
Not the symbol alone of our conquering Mars,
But the ruddy hearth-light in the old chimney-place,
And the mother's dear smile, and the father's worn face.

And far where the palms with their green fringes lift
In the hot alien land, where the yellow sands drift,
It tells of the bells on the sweet Sabbath morn,
It speaks of green wheat and of young springing corn:
The one bit of home that the soldier's eyes see,
His country's proud banner, the flag of the free.

Afloat and ashore, on far island and bay,
God bless them, our boys, in each slow-creeping day!
The men of our blood and our name, hand to hand,
Who must cope with the foe in the lonely strange land.

Margaret E. Sangster.

LIEUT. JAMES C. GILLMORE, U. S. N.,
Supposed to have been captured by Filipinos.

Diary of the Revolt

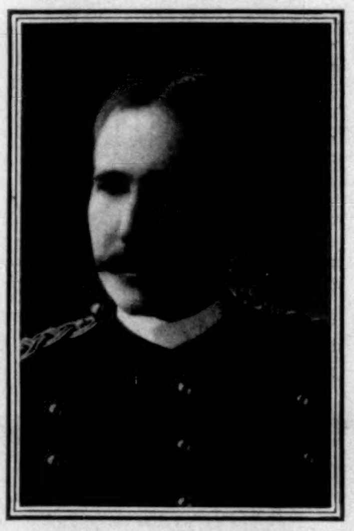
Wednesday, April 12.—The most curious and picturesque incident of this warfare can be barely intimated. A Spanish garrison, consisting of eighty soldiers, three officers, and two priests, has held out against insurgents for a year at Baler—a place about half-way down the eastern or Pacific coast of Luzon, where the hinterlands are inhabited by savage Ibilaos and Ilongotes. On April 12 the gunboat *Yorktown*, which had been sent from Manila to rescue and bring away the Spanish force, arrived off Baler, and a cutter with fourteen men, commanded by Lieutenant J. C. Gillmore, was sent in to the mouth of the river. The intention was that the lieutenant should take soundings, and report whether the *Yorktown* could proceed up to the town; unfortunately, however, they went beyond a point which hid them from view and, when no longer under the protection of the *Yorktown's* guns, fell into the hands of natives. Whether they were killed or taken prisoners was not known. Ensign Stanley and a quartermaster, who had climbed a hill to get a view in-land, reported that the Spanish flag was flying from the church in the town. Three volleys of musketry accompanied by cheers were heard, but there was nothing else to indicate what had take place, or to furnish a clew to the fate of the fifteen men. Boats which were sent with searching parties were fired upon, and the Filipinos refused to have any communication with the Americans. The *Yorktown* then sailed for Ilo Ilo.

Lieutenant Gillmore was born in Philadelphia on July 10, 1854. In 1871 he was appointed to the Naval Academy; five years later he became a midshipman, and in 1891 attained his present grade. In the war with Spain he was attached to the *St. Paul* and served under Captain Sigsbee. At the commencement of this year he was ordered to the transport *Solace*, and when that vessel reached Manila was assigned to the *Yorktown* by Admiral Dewey.

Thursday, April 13.—The camp of the Third Artillery was attacked by Filipinos, who had concealed themselves in a swamp near Paombon, west of Malolos. Two Americans were killed and four wounded. The engagement began before daylight and was continued after sunrise, the American forces driving the hostiles northward.

It was reported that a number of Filipino officers had been put to death after trial on the charge of sedition.

Friday, April 14.—The United States transport *Sheridan*, having on board the Twelfth Infantry and a battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry—57 officers, 1796 enlisted men, and 56 women and children—arrived at Manila.



CAPTAIN LEE FORBY,

1st Nebraska Volunteers. Mortally Wounded near Malolos, March 26. Died March 28, 1899.

Copyright by G. H. Lancaster.

There was fear of an uprising in Manila. Guards were doubled and other precautions taken. The order compelling all persons to retire to their homes at 7 P.M. was strictly enforced. North and south of the city our lines were harassed by continuous night attacks.

General Lawton's expedition was withdrawn from the other captured towns on the southern shore of Laguna de Bay and concentrated at Santa Cruz. It was unofficially reported that five of its members had been killed during the advance and a number wounded. Spanish prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos were released by General Lawton. The proclamation of the Philippines Commission was widely circulated, and looting and burning were prohibited. Fifty-one sick and wounded Americans were sent back to Manila.

Saturday, April 15.—General Rios, commander of the Spanish troops in the Philippines, telegraphed to the government at Madrid that he offered Aguinaldo, in exchange for Spanish prisoners still held by the Filipinos, 1500 native prisoners captured by the Americans, and placed at his disposal for this purpose by General Otis.

Sunday, April 16.—The gunboat *Princeton* arrived at Manila.

The Supreme Court was transferred from the Spanish to the American authorities by order of General Otis. The task of reorganizing the civil judiciary was assigned to Colonel Crowder.

Monday, April 17.—General Lawton returned to Manila from his campaign on the southern shore of Laguna de Bay. A despatch said that his withdrawal was in obedience to an order of General Otis, and that the towns of Paete, Longos, Lumban, Pagsanjan, and Santa Cruz, from which the hostiles had been driven, were evacuated. "General Lawton's troops," the despatch continued, "are needed in the movement to the northward, and Laguna de Bay will be left to the insurgents until the rainy season, when the army gunboats can get into the rivers. General Lawton said, in an interview: 'With the forces I have there is no doubt I could go through the whole island, but if a government is to be established, it will be necessary to garrison all the towns. It would take 100,000 men to pacify the islands. I regret the necessity of abandoning the captured territory.'" A more cheerful view of the situation was presented by another correspondent, who cabled: "The objects of the expedition—the capture of the insurgents' boats and the distribution of the proclamation, emphasized by a lesson of American power throughout the lake region—have been attained. The results of the nine days' raid are regarded as highly satisfactory. All of the prisoners taken by Lawton's men are to be released and sent to their homes as an object-lesson in magnanimity."

Tuesday, April 18.—On General MacArthur's lines the items of news which appeared to be most interesting related to the strengthening of the American force at Calumpit and a further withdrawal of the Filipino government northward to Tarlac. In the city of Manila importance was attached to the efforts of prominent and wealthy Filipinos, who were organizing a committee to take steps to bring about an understanding between the native leaders and the Americans. In the United States a subject much discussed was the imminent return of the volunteer regiments, and their replacement by a sufficient number of regulars.

Wednesday, April 19.—General Otis reported to the Adjutant-General: "Insurgents much scattered; retreat before our forces; await opportunity to attack detachments. Better class of people tired of war; desire peace. Enemy builds hope on return of our volunteers to United States. Its army much demoralized, and loss by desertions and death large. Will probably prosecute guerilla warfare, looting and burning country which it occupied. Health and spirits of troops good. Volunteers' return will commence about May 5. Will render willing service until return transports available. Embarkation will continue through June and July. Reports from the Visayan Islands continue very encouraging. Inter-island commerce heavy; customs receipts increasing."

Thursday, April 20.—A despatch from London contained the statement that a serious split had taken place among the members of the Filipino Junta, a majority of whom were in favor of bringing the revolt to an end by means of direct conferences with Secretary Hay, while the minority insisted upon absolute and unconditional independence.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

AN IDEA OF THE KHEDIVE.

KNOWING the artistic and refined taste of the Emperor of Germany, the Khedive was greatly embarrassed to know how to receive him suitably, the more so as the illustrious traveller was accompanied by his noble consort. He assembled his Grand Council, which, after interminable sittings, where each one, stroking his beard, expressed his opinion. Some one suggested that they could perfume the city, the palace, and all objects destined for the imperial use (the ottar of roses being played out) with the VIOLETTES DU CZAR (sold by all perfumers and druggists). This delicate (?) allusion united all votes. —[*Adv.*]

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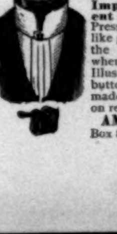

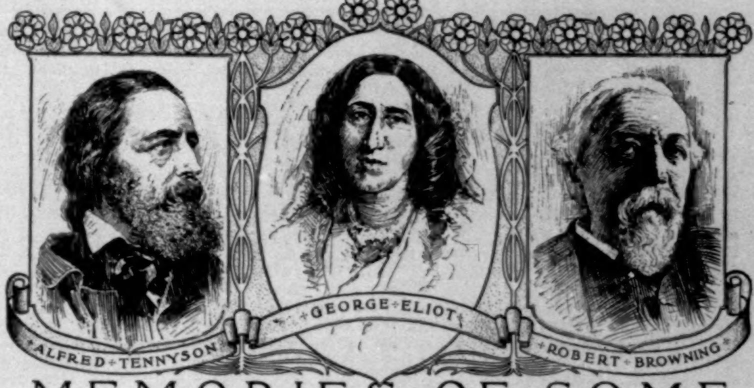

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(SEE FRONT-PAGE ILLUSTRATION)

IN the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY Mr. Bass described Manila's night of terror—the night of February 22, protracted into the early morning of February 23—and gave an account of the almost unprecedented conspiracy to massacre foreign residents.

Company C of the Thirteenth Minnesota occupied a stone building adjoining the Tondo district, the northern quarter of the city—a "pest hole" of insurrection. Although an uprising had been expected, the preparations of the Filipinos had been made with such secrecy that our men supposed it had been postponed; that night, for the first time in ten days, they had undressed and made themselves thoroughly comfortable. Soon after midnight the sound of burning bamboo (popping in mimicry of irregular volleys of small-arms) aroused them, and they saw the sky glowing. Then came a sharper report, with the ring of genuineness; a bugle call; a fusillade from Remingtons and Mausers. The yard was protected by a stone wall eight feet in height, and in the shelter of this the company formed quickly. A detachment was left to guard the building, while the rest of the command, proceeded at double time towards Plaza de Azcarraga, the point designated in the plan of defense.

Meantime a score of these volunteers, with Second-Lieutenant Snow in command, made good their position in the barracks, and stood off the attacking party, one hundred and fifty or two hundred strong, armed with Remingtons, firing brass bullets. All of Tondo—more than a square mile—was in flames; and for half an hour this handful of men from Minnesota had little to choose between Filipino and fire. The building caught a dozen times; the fire-fighting squad as often turned their backs upon one enemy in order to conquer the other. They conquered both—so far as their efforts extended—and all were spared to have their part in imposing conditions upon the Orientals when MacArthur's movement on Malolos began.

Kansas City's Hall

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS, PAGE 423)

THE people of Kansas City, Missouri, have just dedicated to popular use the most complete and largest auditorium in the United States. With the possible exception of Madison Square Garden in New York, it has the largest seating capacity of any public hall in this country. It was formally opened to the public February 22, with a concert in the afternoon and evening, followed by a grand ball on the arena floor. The music was furnished by Sousa's band, and over 20,000 people attended the concert. At the ball following over 1000 couples danced in the great arena and 10,000 people sat in the balconies.

This great hall was built by popular subscription, and cost $250,000. When opened there was not a dollar of debt upon the building. The idea originated with W. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City *Star*, and was carried through to success by him. It was made an enterprise of the people. Only $72,000 of the money was raised in large subscriptions. Shares were valued at $1 each, and it would be difficult to find a resident of Kansas City who is not a stockholder. Many small subscriptions were also received from neighboring towns. It is essentially a people's hall in every sense of the word. It was completed in eight months from the time ground was broken.

It is situated at the corner of Thirteenth and Central streets, on the high ground of the city. The building has a frontage of 200 feet on Thirteenth Street, and 314 feet on Central Street. It is built of native stone, cream brick, and terra-cotta. From the floor to the apex of the roof is 75 feet, and the height of the walls is 45 feet. The first story is of stone in Renaissance; the second in peristyle form, and of brick and terra-cotta. The roof is copper and composition. The building is designed to accommodate conventions, fairs, circuses, expositions, cattle and horse shows, and an armory.

The arena in the centre is 213 by 125 feet. There are assembly-rooms, toilet-rooms, cafés, kitchens, armories, and an immense roof garden in the building. There are no stairways, all the different levels being reached by inclined planes. The building can be emptied at the rate of five thousand people a minute, and it is absolutely fireproof. The architect was Mr. F. E. Hill, whose plans were accepted as the result of a competition in which three handsome cash prizes were offered for the best designs.

The acoustic properties of the building are remarkably good and have been severely tested. It is an ideal place for a great national convention, and Kansas City's claim for one of the political gatherings to be held in 1900 is greatly strengthened by the possession of the most modern auditorium in the United States. The success which attended this idea has caused several other Western cities to attempt large enterprises of a similar character by the same means.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

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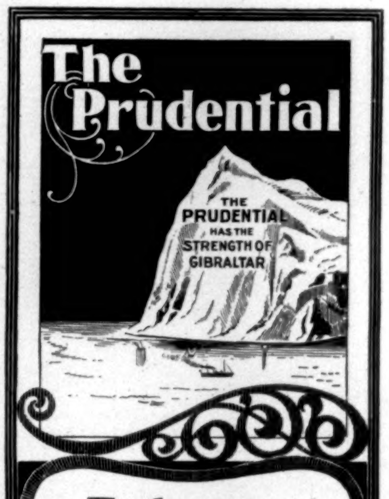
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HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

III.—COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT

IT becomes immediately apparent, on study of the subject, (1) that Hawaii has attained its present commercial position entirely through its own resources and the enterprise of its citizens, and (2) that its development has but partially disclosed its natural agricultural wealth. The history of commercial Hawaii may be divided into three eras: (1) Sandal-wood, the exportation of which began somewhere about 1800, and had ceased before 1840; (2) Whaling, which began in 1819, was at its zenith in 1854, and had disappeared in 1871; and (3) Sugar, which first attracted capital (to a very small extent) in 1837, had risen to first importance in 1843, and is to-day the industrial backbone of the islands.

Just when the exportation of sandal-wood began is, I believe, not a matter of authentic record, but, at all events, it gave Hawaiians their first merchantmen vessels, and it plunged the king and his leading chiefs into extravagance and debt.

The sandal-wood gave out long before the debts were paid.

There was no money in circulation until after 1817, therefore all trade was by barter, with the result that great quantities of this precious wood were exchanged for ships, which in turn carried more cargoes of the wood to China. The rich harvest was a lure irresistible. The chiefs sent their serfs far and deep into the forests; and, indeed, employed them so unrelentingly that, it is said, the serfs deliberately destroyed the young trees, so they might be relieved from such heavy toil in following years.

And they judged accurately, for so great was the denudation of the forests that in twenty years sandal ceased to be an important article of export; in twenty more it had practically died out. Two sandal-trees were pointed out to me on the island of Hawaii as rare relics of the great forests of them which once covered the islands—solitary, almost forgotten, signs of Hawaii's first commercial era.

Though the sandal-trees disappeared, there was left with the king and ruling chiefs the spirit of venture its trade had created—and it had attracted the whalers. The trading spirit sent the coasting vessels of the king and chiefs on far-off voyages of barter and discovery, and the whalers brought trade merchandise and—the missionaries.

It is not my purpose to go into details. I purpose merely to show the general disposition of the native and the trend of trade. I wish also to say—and this perhaps is as fitting a moment as any—that I am undertaking neither a history nor a tourist's guide of the Hawaiian Islands, but rather a series of articles which, it is hoped, will give the reader a fair idea of the islands and their people, their character and industries, their accomplishments and their prospects.

With the decline in sandal-wood trade the whaling interests increased quickly, and so materially as to become the principal business of the islands. The native has never been exacting. Little matters it to him how his stomach is filled, so long as it is filled, and whaling accomplished that end as surely as sandal-wood.

The first white traders at Hawaii were English, who made the islands a point of supply on their trips to the northwest, but they failed to follow up their pioneer advantages, so that the first white traders really to establish themselves were Americans, from New England, who had followed hard on the heels of the whalers from New Bedford and Nantucket. In fact, the traders, whalers, and missionaries fell upon Hawaii simultaneously—the missionaries to accomplish such an evolution in the native from savagery to civilization as has not been equalled in the same length of time elsewhere in the world.

The American whalers made the islands a rendezvous for the majority of all nations fishing in the Pacific, and so close were these interests to those of the islands that laws were made in every way favoring the whalers and their trade, and a wavelet of progression set in motion.

In 1822 printing had been established (but not until 1836 was the first newspaper published, and not until 1843 had one uninterrupted publication), and a year later four American mercantile houses had been opened—two from Boston, one from Bristol, and one from New York. A ship-yard was built in 1825, and Honolulu made a point of transshipment by the whalers, and in 1826 James Hunnewell founded at Honolulu the mercantile house which still exists as C. Brewer & Co. By 1836 interest had deepened and the trade broadened, so that we find salt, *Koa* lumber, cotton, indigo, corn, potatoes, fruits, hides, *Kukui* oil, arrow-root, and tobacco on the list of exports.

Thus the trade prospered, until, from 1836 to 1841, 447 ships touched at Honolulu, 358 hailing from American (four-fifths whalers) and 82 from English ports, while in the same period Hawaiian commerce showed exports of $388,000 (seeking the far markets of New York, France, and Australia for its produce), and imports of $1,567,000. By 1845 the foreign population of Honolulu was 400, and the shipping owned by residents amounted to $55,000, while the town itself supported five wholesale and twenty retail shops, and one lumber-yard, four hotels, and twelve sailors' boarding-houses and grog-shops. At this time the sugar interests were expanding largely, and some very small and tentative efforts making to plant coffee.

The discovery of gold in California (1848) bore so importantly upon the islands as almost to warrant my classing the nine years following as a separate industrial era in Hawaiian commercial history. Certainly not before had such prosperity come to the islands, although at the beginning of this year the outlook was hardly encouraging, for the exodus to California included so many of the progressive class that industries on the island came practically to a standstill in 1849, and domestic exports fell from $266,819, in 1848, to $185,083, while imports rose to $729,739. But 1850 marked the reaction and the increasing trade. The development of the California mining interests created demand for potatoes, meat, flour, and Hawaii found a ready market for all it could raise. This year is a most important one in the commercial development of the Hawaiian Islands, for it marks first recognition of Hawaii's agricultural possibilities (of which so little advantage has been taken), organization of an agricultural society, establishment of a postal service, the visit of 469 merchant-ships (the largest number, in fact, for one year's record), building of a reservoir, and founding of a bank at Honolulu.

THE RESULT OF AN EXPANDING COMMERCE—CANE HAULED TO MILLS BY STEAM-POWER.

It was an active beginning that went busily forward. Wheat was raised, flour-mills erected, and California very largely ate the flour and potatoes of Hawaii's growing, until its own heavy-yielding fields overwhelmed all competition.

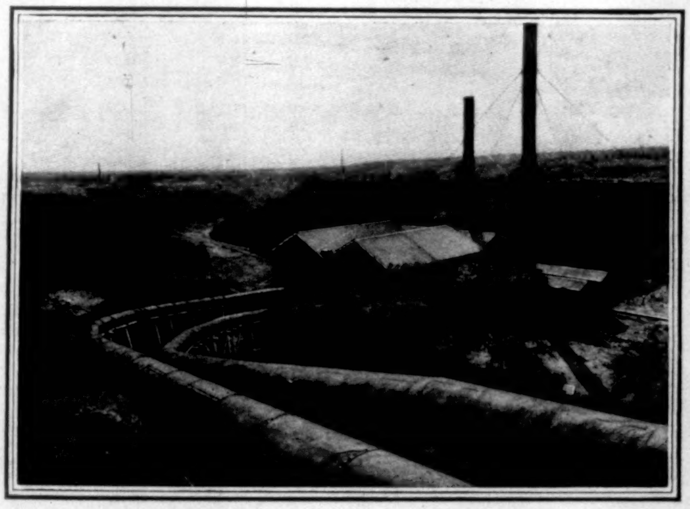
To-day Hawaii buys all its flour and a heavy percentage of its potatoes in California!

But those were great days for Hawaii—those ten years from 1844 to 1854, which raised the exports from $169,641 to $585,122, the imports from $350,347 to $1,590,837, the custom-house receipts from $14,263 to $152,125, the Hawaiian registered vessels from 15 to 54, the shipping arrivals from 207 in 1844 to 650 in 1854, and brought about (1859) the inauguration of an inter-island steamboat service with the *Kilauea*. This, too, was the heyday of the whale-fisheries, which reached their zenith in 1859, when 549 outfitted in one or another of the Hawaiian ports.

The subsidence, however, of the gold fever on the Pacific coast had a quieting effect on island agricultural business, that decreased materially as California developed its own wealth in that direction. But the set-back was not serious; Hawaiians were beginning to appreciate the richness of their soil, and as its second commercial era was closing—hastened by the destruction (1871) of the whaling-fleet in an arctic ice crush—its third was opening auspiciously.

It will enable us the better to appreciate Hawaii's subsequent development if we consider her financial standing at the end of the second era, 1875: Value of imports, $1,505,670, of which $947,260 was from United States; exports, $2,089,736, of which $1,774,083 was for domestic produce; customs receipts, $213,447; Hawaiian registered vessels, 51 of 7136 tons; shipping arrivals (merchantmen), 120 of 93,000 tons; annual taxes, $150,000; population estimated at 57,000; total government revenue (1875), $536,180; public debt, $450,000. (For these figures, and many others in this series, I am indebted to Mr. Thomas G. Thrum, the Hawaiian statistician.)

The considerable development of sugar interests in Hawaii was simultaneous with the beginning of an effort, long continued, for closer trade relations with the mainland—as we must call the United States. So long ago as 1853 it had become apparent that Hawaii, as, in fact, an outlying sugar plantation of the United States, was entitled to recognition as such on the tariff list. In 1855 a reciprocity treaty was concluded between W. L. Marcy, Secretary of State, acting for the United States, and Judge Lee, Commissioner of the Hawaiian king. Although approved by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, the United States Senate withheld ratification. Again in 1864 the question was raised, but not brought to issue because the public mind was occupied with the civil war; again, in 1867 the treaty was brought forward, ratified by the Hawaiian government, approved by President Johnson and Secretary-of-State W. H. Seward, but rejected by the



AN OAHU SUGAR-PLANTATION PUMPING-STATION.

PORTUGUESE AND JAPANESE WOMEN AS CANE-FIELD LABORERS.

Senate. Yet again, in 1874 the effort to establish closer commercial relations was renewed by King Kalakaua in person, visiting the United States with a commission composed of Henry A. P. Carter and Elisha H. Allen, and this time success attended the effort. The treaty (drawn for seven years), signed at Washington, January 30, 1875, and announced by formal proclamation June 3 of the same year, was sufficiently broad in terms practically to create free trade relations between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands. The United States admitted, free of duty, sugar, and substantially the entire agricultural product of the islands; Hawaii, in turn, opened its ports to the United States for about every article of domestic consumption on its list.

Protests came at once from Great Britain to the Hawaiian king, and the situation was somewhat strained and uncertain for a couple of years, until the unequivocal and vigorous policy of Secretary-of-State James G. Blaine settled the matter finally and definitely. In 1884 the treaty was renewed for another seven years, and the exclusive privileges of Pearl Harbor granted the United States, which resulted in further protests, this time from the sugar-refining interests of both Great Britain and the United States. But these also were denied, and the treaty was still in force when annexation came finally in 1898.

With the signing of this reciprocity treaty the Hawaiian industrial and commercial status underwent complete revolution. Though there had always been a healthful amount of enterprise in the islands, the scarcity of labor, the usual failures of crops, and particularly the instability of the degenerating monarchy, filled the way of progression with obstacles, and so beset Hawaii's industrial efforts as to make commercial life one long uncertain struggle. Up to 1876 the financial results of sugar, rice, and coffee growing had not been sufficiently encouraging to warrant or even suggest expansion. It was appreciation of her great possibilities and realization of her inability to make the most of them under existing trade and political conditions that impelled Hawaii's repeated overtures for reciprocity.

And the significance of reciprocity to the prosperity of the islands now became immediately apparent. Industrial activity was instant and general; thirteen new sugar-plantations were laid out in 1877, fifteen more in the year following; mills were erected, shipping increased, and a general air of hopefulness and confidence spread over Hawaii. How substantial this expansion was may be judged by the importations of 1878 and 1879, which for machinery amounted to $960,342; for hardware and agricultural implements, $414,792; for lumber, $402,742; and for building materials, $196,554. In 1879 the first railroad on the islands was laid from Kahului (Maui) to Wailuku — for these were the years when the Spreckels sugar interests were developing Maui industries.

It was all outlay in the first two or three years after the ratification of the treaty, but at the end of ten years (1886) the Hawaiian commerce had increased with a great bound, and the annual returns showed: Exports, $10,565,886; imports, $4,877,738; custom-house receipts, $580,444. Shipping arrivals, 310: tonnage, 222,372. Hawaiian registered ships, 58: tonnage, 13,529. Compare these figures with those at the closing of Hawaii's second commercial era in 1875.

The large sugar returns very naturally prompted further expansion, and in 1888 and 1889, responding to the ruling spirit, some of the most extensive plantations on the islands were laid out. Mr. B. F. Dillingham brought Oahu into the line of progression by his enterprise, his railroad-building, and one million and a half dollars' worth of machinery imported. Meantime increase in number and considerable improvement in class were making in the several lines of vessels engaging in Hawaiian trade. Not only did the regularly established lines enlarge their facilities, but several new ones were added; and, most important to the islands, a direct semi-monthly service was established between San Francisco and Honolulu. The harbor was dredged and enlarged (1893), a marine railway had been constructed (1883), and Hawaii, from struggling insignificance, had so developed her resources and increased her trade that in 1895 she stood second on San Francisco's foreign-trade list. And at no time during her commercial development, even in the periods of depression, before 1876, had there been panic or failure to meet obligations. I never visited a town whose business record is so absolutely unsullied as that of Honolulu.

And so Hawaii's commerce grew, until at the close of 1896 a cash surplus in the treasury of $71,000 more than at the beginning of the year, after paying all running government expenses and redeeming $16,000 worth of bonds falling due, proved the republic of Hawaii to be self-supporting, solvent, and prosperous. Perhaps figures will be even more convincing to that end: at the close of 1897, when the last biennial returns were made, Hawaii's imports were $7,682,628; her exports had grown to $16,021,775; custom-house receipts, $708,493. Shipping arrivals 427: tonnage, 513,826. Hawaiian registered vessels 62, tonnage, 34,069. And the Hawaiian balance-sheet on January 1, 1898, showed revenue, $5,042,504; expenditures, $4,654,926; cash balance in treasury, $456,804; value crown and government lands (approximate), $4,500,000; other assets, public buildings, public works, etc., $3,000,000; bonded public debt, $3,679,700. Rather a tidy showing, considering the length of time and the conditions under which it was made.

IV.—THE SUGAR INDUSTRY

THE development of the sugar industry is so closely identified with the development of Hawaiian commerce as to make separate discussions almost supererogatory. Sugar is practically Hawaii's commerce, and Hawaii's commerce is substantially sugar. Of the 1897 export figures of $16,021,775, sugar represented $15,390,442 (and of this total, $15,390,223 came to the United States). Incidentally let me note that of the thirty millions of dollars invested in Hawaiian sugar-plantations, twenty-two and one-half millions is American; of the total population of the island (109,020), nearly one-quarter (24,653) are employed on the sugar-plantations; of the Chinese and Japanese inhabitants (45,000), almost half (21,000) are employed on the sugar-plantations. With this array of figures confronting him, the inquiring reader will hardly challenge my statement of sugar's relation to Hawaiian commerce.

Sugar-cane is one of the comparatively few indigenous products of the Hawaiian Islands—for, strange to relate, with the exception of a few varieties, all the trees, flowers, and fruits that now flourish on the islands were planted by the early white settlers; not even the banana is indigenous; and the present cocoa-palms that picturesquely fringe the Honolulu Harbor were all planted—every last one of them. However, as sugar-cane is mentioned by Captain Cook in 1778—before there were any whites on the islands—we may accept it as having been native to the soil. We know there are abundant statements from old natives that it grew wild and luxuriantly in the valleys and on the lowlands, but the natives made no use of it except as food in its raw state.

One of the earliest of Hawaiian planters, L. L. Torbert, claims to have traced the first sugar-manufacturing to a Chinaman, who in 1802 arrived at Honolulu on one of the vessels trading in sandal-wood, with a stone mill and boilers, and ground off one small crop, which he made into sugar before returning home with his apparatus. We must take Mr. Torbert's unsupported word for this, for the earliest otherwise authenticated record of sugar-making is that of a Don Paulo Marin, who had the cane mashed on large wooden platters (*poi* boards) by the natives with their stone *poi* pounders, and then collecting the juice, boiled it in a small copper kettle. Mr. H. P. Baldwin, one of the oldest and most experienced planters on the islands, vouches for this. It is a matter of little moment, I suppose, who made the first sugar, though there is some satisfaction in collecting these details for this chapter.

At all events, various accounts agree as to the manufacture of sugar and molasses in several quarters at about the year 1823, and it is undoubted that the first mill of any consequence was erected at Koloa (Kauai) by Dr. R. W. Wood in 1835. This first mill, and all others for fifteen years, were crude in form and wasteful in process; a native grass house commonly answered as mill, the rollers were wooden, and the kettles whalers' try-pots, while the motive power was furnished by oxen, horses, or in some cases by water. The sugar, of course, was of but one grade, and that inferior; it was the residue after the juice had been boiled to a thick syrup and drained off through the perforated bottoms of barrels. Nevertheless, there was some exporting of sugar, a surprising amount considering the slow and primitive process—in 1837 $300 worth was exported, and this was increased to $6200 in 1838, and to $18,000 in 1840. Mr. Baldwin tells of a mill he remembers, between 1840 and 1850, which "consisted of three whale-ship try-pots set on adobe and stone mason-work, the rollers being wooden, strengthened with iron bands"; I am told, too, that the first centrifugal machine used in any country for drying sugar was invented by D. M. Weston, a resident of Hawaii, and used on a Maui plantation in 1851.

But the sugar-market was restricted and fickle, and the industry at this period had so many discouragements it finally began to lose ground, so that by 1857 the plantations had diminished to five. A decided change for the better, however, came with the adoption of steam as the motive power in 1858–9, and two years later, when the first of the modern vacuum pans were introduced, the number of plantations rose to twenty-two, of which nine ground by steam and twelve by water. Like the commerce of the islands, the sugar industry has thrived in eras, each fostered by some new impetus, each more successful than its immediate predecessor.

The first real impetus to cane-growing came with the outbreaking of the civil war and the inflation of sugar values; the second was given by the reciprocity treaty with the United States in 1876, and the third has been furnished within the present years by irrigation.

How these eras have affected the output is best told by the figures: in 1863 about 2600 tons were exported; in 1876, upwards of 13,000 tons; and in 1896, 240,000 tons; and it is not at all unlikely that this year the figures will reach 260,000 tons. It is interesting to note further, while we are on comparative figures, that the exports of sugar compared with the labor employed in its cultivation and manufacture during the last three years show the following gradual increase: "1895, nearly 7⅛ tons per capita employed; 1896, a little over 9⅛ tons; and in 1897, very nearly 10½ tons."

There are sixty plantations on the islands, of which fifty own their own mills and have all needed machinery for the manufacture of sugar. Practically all of these use the crushing process—which the most experienced planters on the islands prefer. The diffusion process was introduced to Hawaii about 1887, the first plant being erected at Kealia (Kauai), others following, until there were half a dozen; but the improvement in the crushing process has arrested the attention diffusion methods were diverting. The diffusion process saves within five per cent. of the sugar in the cane, whereas the mills lose from ten to eighteen per cent. On the other hand, the diffusion plant necessitates the extra cost of fuel, whereas in the mill the cane pulp—or bagasse, as the cane is called when the juice has been crushed from it—supplies all the fuel necessary. Moreover, the constant increase in number of rollers in the mills is steadily lowering the percentage of sugar lost in the crushing process, and experts are confident that before improvement ceases the average extraction in the mills will very nearly equal that by the diffusion plant. As it is, there are very few diffusion plants, and planters claim that the cost of manufacture is less and the general results more satisfactory by the crushing process.

Nowhere else is there equal cultivation of the soil or such care of the cane as we see in Hawaii. Laboratories in many instances are connected with the mills; the soil is analyzed before the planting, and fertilized according to its need; steam-ploughs are used where the conformation of the land will permit of it; the mills are the best money can buy, and as competition in the manufacture of machinery is sharp, almost every year adds some new and scientific improvement. I may add, by-the-way, that the McKinley bill repealing the duty on sugar was somewhat of a blessing in disguise to these islands, although it was at the time a heavy blow (the price of sugar falling from $100 to $60 per ton in one day), as under the treaty Hawaiian sugar entered the United States duty free. But meeting the prices and output of other sugar-producing countries necessitated abandonment of the simpler methods that were profitable enough with high prices and no competition, and the movement began which resulted in Hawaii having the finest machinery in existence—and all American made. Last year the nine-roller Ewa mill on Oahu turned out 140 tons of sugar each running day.

The islands of Hawaii are all very much alike in conformation; each has its backbone of mountain, with land more or less broken by ridges and gulches, reaching to the sea; in some of the islands deep valleys escape from the centre, where the mountains have been rent by volcanic action into abrupt chasms, and run to the very water's edge. The soil of the valleys is very rich indeed, and invariably planted in rice; the sugar lands are those along the coast of the islands, extending back to an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet; beyond that is coffee land or pasture. And wherever there is land fit for growing sugar, there will be found cane, either present or immediately prospective. There is practically now no land on the Hawaiian Islands capable of raising cane profitably that is not so employed.

Improved machinery and fertilizing have tremendously increased the annual sugar yield, but the real developer of Hawaiian plantations in recent years has been irrigation, which has reclaimed for cane much land previously considered irredeemable. Practically all plantations on Oahu, Kauai, and Maui irrigate their cane; the rainfall of windward Hawaii, where are the majority of the plantations, is quite heavy, while on the leeward side, in the section where cane is planted, the land is sufficiently near the mountains to insure a dependable rainfall. Yet in some parts of leeward Hawaii water is run from the mountains down upon the lowland cane-fields. On Kauai water is taken by some of the plantations from the mountains that occupy the centre of the island; but the usual system of irrigation throughout the islands is by means of wells, a pumping plant, and a reservoir system.

On no island is this plan carried out so elaborately or with such handsome results as on Oahu, where the natural richness of the soil has been increased twofold. Pumps are now used which have a capacity of ten million gallons in twenty-three hours, and it is intended to put in one with a capacity of twelve million gallons. At present water is being pumped to an elevation of 350 feet, but a plant was being put in while I was in Oahu sufficiently powerful to raise water 525 feet, and some of the most progressive of the planters expect to finally irrigate cane 650 feet above the water-source. Thus far, despite the great number of wells that have been sunk on the same plantation and on plantations contiguous, no diminution in the supply is apparent.

The average yield of sugar to the acre of cane is greater in the Hawaiian Islands than in any other cane-growing country in the world. It varies, however, a great deal; the average yield of Maui, for instance, is about three and one-half tons of sugar to the acre; Hawaii's average is lowered by the smaller producing qualities of her leeward or dry side, but would not go lower than four tons; Kauai, from four to five tons; and Oahu, six to seven tons. There are, of course, pieces of ground, even entire plantations, on each of these islands, where the yield would greatly exceed the average of the island; one plantation of Oahu, for instance, yields ten tons of sugar to the acre (it takes seven to eight tons of cane to produce a ton of sugar), and special yields of even sixteen tons per acre have been obtained from given sections of the same Oahu plantation. The quality of these figures is the better appreciated by comparison with the yields of Louisiana and Cuba.

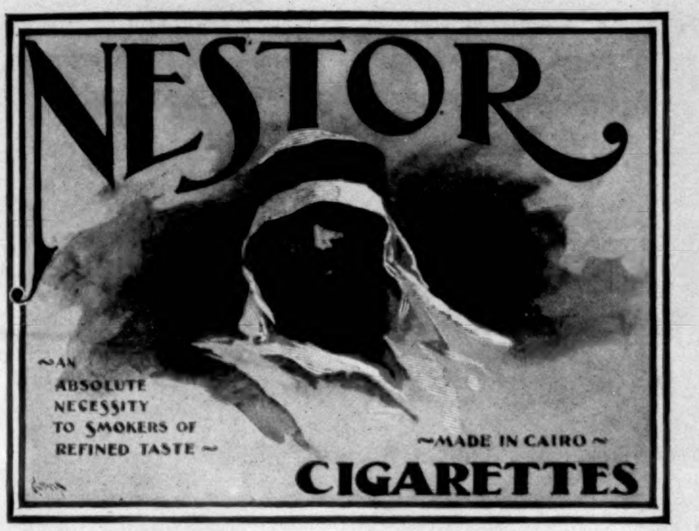
The average yield of Louisiana—according to the figures Prof. W. C. Stubbs, Director of the State Experiment Station, has been kind enough to furnish me—varies from one ton to two and one-half tons of sugar per acre, the average being perhaps not over one and one-half tons.

Cuba's cane-raising possibilities have never been fully developed. The yield per acre prior to the war was very light, because of the general agricultural deficiency of the island, due to Spanish corruption, Cuban lack of enterprise, and the troublous times. Certainly not to any deficiency in the soil, as the fact that they carry the cane to the sixth and even to the twelfth ratooning indicates. Ratooning means cutting the cane at the ground's edge and leaving the root to sprout the next year—so a sixth ratooning would mean that the one planting had yielded six crops of cane.

In Louisiana cane is planted once in two or three years—rarely is it permitted to remain longer than three years. In Hawaii cane is planted every second year, as a rule, and rarely goes beyond the single ratooning. Of course, ratoon cane is not so rich, but frequent planting adds tremendously to the expense and necessitates heavy fertilization — however, the increase of yield seems to warrant the outlay, if we may judge from Hawaiian results.

Cuba has some modern plantations and some excellent mills; the cane grown on the island is fairly rich in sucrose, and if it had the same cultivation given cane in Louisiana or in the Hawaiian Islands, yields would be forth-coming, Prof. Stubbs estimates, probably as high as five to six tons of sugar to the acre. As it is now, the average Cuban yield is rarely over one to two tons per acre.

According to some sugar-refining experts with whom I have talked on the subject of Hawaiian, Louisianian, and West-Indian sugars — and who have but recently completed a series of extensive experiments—the Hawaiian soil is peculiarly suited to cane-growing, and will continue to yield sugar more heavily per acre than that of Cuba, no matter how scientific the cultivation of soil or how complete the machinery for extracting the juice. By the same token the Hawaiian sugar is considered just as much superior to the Cuban as is its soil. Therefore the possibility of sugar-growing becoming unprofitable, and the consequent decadence of the industry in Hawaii, need not concern us. Though the day is sure to come when the profits of Hawaiian planters will be materially lessened. They could easily be cut in half and the planters still have handsome returns on the capital invested. However, it will prove a costly mistake if investors feel they cannot lose money in any Hawaiian sugar stock that may be put on the market. It is not unlikely plantations may be floated whose stock will hardly yield satisfactory returns. Hawaii is perhaps destined to undergo one of those characteristically American booms, with an accompanying reaction which will settle hard upon wild plantation schemes that have been launched upon the strength of those already legitimately established. It will be for Hawaii's best interest if the islands escape one of those Western booms that fill towns with hungry mechanics and unscrupulous promoters.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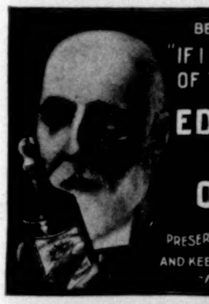

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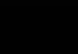

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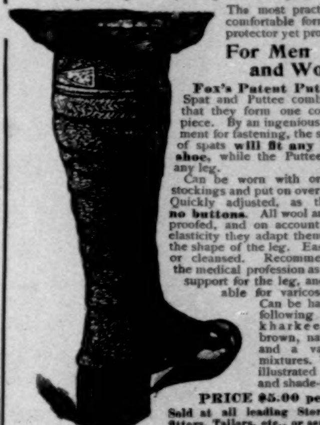

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